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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum nova gravitas, totum indolis Yalense  
Cantabrigie Institutum hauritque Patres."

VOL. VII.—NO. IX.

SEPTEMBER, 1942.

NEW HAVEN.

CONDUCTED BY THE EDITORS.

EDITED BY DEBORAH ANN STAFFORD.

ROBERTSON.

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Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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VOLUME VII.

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NEW HAVEN:  
PUBLISHED BY THE EDITORS.  
PRINTED BY HITCHCOCK AND STAFFORD.  
MDCCLXII.



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Yale University  
Library  
JAN 4 '40

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. VII.

SEPTEMBER, 1842.

No. 9.

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AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

THERE appears to be no passion more common to the human mind, than that for investigating the records of nations long since swept from existence; whether these records are to be found upon the page of written history, or exist only in the masses of blackened ruins, which serve to mark the spot where once they flourished, in all the pomp of war or the splendor of civilization. It is, indeed, in their written history, that we are to seek for the origin, the exploits, and the fate of nations; but in their unwritten history, the magnitude of their empire, the degree of civilization and refinement in the arts and sciences, to which they attained, and the causes of their ruin, can be traced with unerring fidelity. The vast masses of ruins which are strewn in such rich profusion over the entire surface of the Eastern Continent, have served as guides, in leading to the discovery of the authors of those vast fabrics, of which they are but the relics, exhibiting to the patient investigator conclusive proofs of their characters, resources, and exploits. The people who reared these monuments of their wealth and grandeur, as well as memorials of their destiny, are now no more, and the unsparing hand of time has obliterated the inscriptions which were vainly intended to transmit the knowledge of themselves to the remotest generations; yet, from the style of architecture observed in these works of antiquity, and their easily detected design, a far surer index of national characteristics is afforded, than could possibly have been given on the page of written history. And, though the bones of their builders have crumbled into dust, beneath the ruins of the structures they themselves had reared, and the intervening ages of barbarism have conspired to envelop them in an almost impenetrable mystery, still, the untiring industry and patient research of modern



investigators, have, in a great measure, succeeded in divesting them of this cloud of mystery, and in distinguishing them by their authors and the periods in which they had their origin. Since the commencement of the systematic and scientific examination of these venerable remains of slumbering nations, some two or three centuries since, the ardor for investigation seems to have lost none of its force, but, on the contrary, to have been increased, as every succeeding traveler has given to the world the results of his toil and research. New and beautiful theories are started, and new objects of admiration are brought before the learned world, as new facts are developed, and more recent discoveries are made known.

The tourist of the present day enters on the investigation with his mind stored with the knowledge obtained by those who have preceded him in this extensive field of observation, and consequently is enabled to push his researches much farther, and examine more minutely those objects which have been but rapidly scrutinized by others. And notwithstanding the multiplicity of works, which, in late years, have been given to the world upon the remains of antiquity, and the extensive knowledge imparted by them upon this subject, the field is still ample, and lies invitingly open to the philanthropist, the scholar, and the antiquarian. Those mighty fabrics, which have reared themselves for ages, amid the desolation of Egyptian deserts, bidding a stern defiance to the ravages of time, which have consigned all else contemporary with them to the gloom of forgetfulness, are now considered, with respect to the object and period of their erection, as distinctly known; yet, a powerful interest is inwoven with every successive description of these vast monuments of human toil and industry. The scholar, as he beholds the shattered obelisks and massive blocks of elaborately wrought marble, beneath the blue waters of the Mediterranean—the richly sculptured capitals, severed from their lofty pillars and strewing the sands of an Asiatic desert, and the huge piles of ruins yet remaining upon the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, reads in their appearance the characters, wealth, and magnificence of the ancient Tyrian, Chaldean, and Jewish nations. Nor is this all, for in many cases, where the page of written history was either lost or rendered indistinct by time, the chasm has been filled up, and the chain of events again connected, by the indefatigable perseverance of those who have made the antiquities of the old world the subjects of their study. Nor have their efforts, crowned with such signal success, been suffered to pass without a guerdon. Contrary to the generally received opinion, that the world is wont to frown on him, who devotes his time and his talents to patient research

in the arcana of antiquity, and to draw from thence the germs of hidden knowledge, he has reaped a rich reward, not only in the favor with which his representations of newly-discovered objects of interest have been received, and the confidence reposed in them, but in the noble satisfaction of having added yet more to the knowledge and literature of his age, and of having aroused a spirit of investigation, which neither time nor difficulties will ever destroy, but continuing to increase with increasing information, like the successive waves of the sea, each augmenting in magnitude and strength, as it urges its way onward to the strand, will never be satisfied or stayed in its progress, till it has rolled upon the shores of knowledge the last relic of ancient magnificence, submerged by the lapse of ages.

Such a consummation of the labor of centuries, amid the relics of the departed nations of the old world, though much to be desired, as removing the necessity of research there, and consequently transferring the talents and energies engaged in it, to other and no less worthy objects, can hardly be expected for years to come. A field so vast in extent, so ample in material, and so interesting in the results already attained, ought not to be relinquished, till every object is fully identified, and every subject fully explored and revealed. And, although the western continent abounds in relics, not perhaps as rich as those that lie scattered on the surface of the eastern, still, the investigation of the former is no less important, and would be as productive of interest as of the latter, they being the remains, and the only ones, of nations, whose names, origin, manners, and customs were lost ages before the ships of the adventurous Genoese touched the shores of this newly-discovered world. Giving, therefore, the preference to the antiquities of the old world, as more generally known and better understood, and more intimately connected with the known history of the human race, we would nevertheless claim for those of the new, an interest and importance commensurate with their extent, from the man of science and the antiquary, and especially from the youthful aspirant for scientific and literary renown, whose lot has been cast amid the magnificent scenery and splendid natural productions of this young land.

It may at first appear singular, that there should exist the remains of ancient arts and science, indicating different degrees of civilization, in a land but recently discovered, and peopled by tribes of wandering savages, unacquainted even with some of the ruder arts. Indeed, the knowledge of the existence of these remains, is confined to a number exceedingly limited, and an intimate acquaintance with their forms and localities to a very few. But, from those ruins which are found along the

valley of the Ohio, and can be traced in one continued chain, through the rich valley of the Mississippi, from thence into Mexico, and terminate only with the great northern division of the continent, increasing in beauty and magnificence, as well as number, as they are traced farther and farther south, till, in the regions of the tropics, the traveler is surrounded on every side by specimens of sculpture and the remains of palaces and temples, surpassing in beauty of design and execution the noblest remains of the ancient Egyptians—the antiquarian and the scholar can determine that they are the work, not of those nations which peopled the continent at the period of its discovery, but of those flourishing long anterior to them. So long, indeed, that every trace of them, other than these ruins, was entirely lost, and no tradition, however obscure and improbable, remained to afford the slightest clue to their history, or to fix a date, however remote, to their existence. A fact unparalleled in the history of the world. For the reverse of this is more generally found upon the page of history. The names and exploits of many nations are there recorded, to which no location can be accurately assigned, which have left no works to survive their extinction, or to tell where once they dwelt, and all the information respecting them, now embodied in *authentic* annals, has been derived from the indistinct and uncertain whisperings of tradition. But here are the magnificent ruins of a mighty people—here, in hidden hieroglyphics, lies concealed their origin, their deeds and their fate, locked for centuries in the dark vaults of silence, as firmly and as effectually as the forms of those who reared them, are clasped in the embrace of death. In this silence will they remain—a silence and mystery, which invests them with a peculiar grandeur and interest, and enhances the desire to learn from their works, the history of the people, who toiled and labored to rear these monuments of their art and splendor, as well as mournful memorials of their power and destiny—until the energies and talents of another Champollion shall tear away the thick cloud that now envelops them, and reveal to the world the records of nations, over whose memory ages of oblivious time have rolled their ceaseless tides. “Till then, who shall read them?”

“Chaos of ruins, who shall trace the void,  
O’er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,  
And say ‘here was or is,’ where all is doubly night?”

It is not the object of this essay, were it in our power, to enter upon a detailed account of the various antique ruins, in which this country abounds, but merely to bestow a single glance on

those which are found in the United States, and then refer to those which strew in such rich profusion the luxuriant plains and valleys of Central America. Nor is it for the mere purpose of writing an article, that we have selected this subject, as a theme for an essay; but with the ardent desire and fervent hope, of awakening the inquiring minds of some, now preparing themselves for toiling in the cause of science, to an adequate appreciation of the importance of the subject, and a deep interest in developing those magnificent ruins, so graphically and eloquently described by our countryman, Stephens, as the results of a recent visit to that noble, but unfortunate country. He has done good service to the cause of science, and merits well a rich meed of praise, from the friends of knowledge. And it is to be hoped, that those who are qualified or are qualifying themselves for such investigations, will enter this ample field, now laid open to research, and draw from thence the means of ascertaining the history of the people, who reared those gigantic monuments of their skill and industry.

Although the remains of ancient art do not exist in the United States, in the same degree of splendor, and in equal numbers, nor indicate that those who reared them had attained to an equal degree of civilization, as in Central America, yet many of them are of such a character, as to denote that their authors had emerged from the savage state, and were making rapid advances towards a knowledge of the arts and sciences; when their onward course was arrested, and they either relapsed into their original ignorance, or lost their identity as separate and independent nations; whether from their subjugation by more powerful and more barbarous enemies, or from the workings of the elements of national decay, inherent in every nation on the globe, it is utterly impossible to decide. All speculation on this subject is idle; and theories without data are more frequently the parents of error, than productive of any useful result, or tending to develop any important truths, concerning the subject on which they are formed. Certain it is, that the inhabitants of the country, at the time of its discovery, were in a savage state, and utterly ignorant of the authors, the history, and the original object of the structures, by the ruins of which they were surrounded. And notwithstanding a noble few have devoted the energies of their cultivated minds to the examination of these antiquities, they have as yet been unable to proceed farther than the mere discovery of their forms, number, and manner of construction. In all other respects, a thick cloud of mystery still shrouds them in its gloomy folds, imparting to them an interest bordering on sublimity.

Of the ruins discovered in the United States, it is usual for

antiquarians to divide them into three distinct classes, indicative of their origin. The first class comprehends the relics of that race which had possession of the country when the white man first invaded the solitude of its lordly forests with the sounds of the implements of civilization. These consist not of buildings, or even the rough monuments of savage art, but simply of the rude implements of warfare and husbandry, the knowledge of which, stern necessity taught to the human race, in the primitive ages of the world. They are therefore of no greater interest or importance, otherwise than showing the barbarous condition in which those who employed them were involved. Yet, though possessing no intrinsic value, and but the rude products of still ruder arts, their value will continue to increase, and greater and greater importance will be attached to them, as, like the decaying leaves of autumn, one after another breaks from its parent stem, and falls to the ground, there to wither and decay, the few remnants of that noble race gradually disappear before the onward march of civilization, and the still more fatal arms of the white man. Soon they will have entirely ceased from the broad hunting grounds of their fathers, and, like those who have preceded them, they will be known only by these simple instruments, now deemed so valueless and rude. Yet, they are the evidences of the condition of a mighty race, once the free and unrestrained masters of this noble land, of which we are so justly proud.

The second class of antiquities embraces those of European origin, which, being left by the first discoverers of the country, and found in the possession of the aborigines, by others who have visited them at a subsequent period, have been erroneously considered as the invention of the natives. These consist mainly of implements of war and agriculture, of far superior material and workmanship to any which are known to have been invented by them. They are easily detected, and are therefore worthy but of a passing notice. Such were the subjects embraced under this classification in the "*Archæologia Americana*," "*Transactions and Collections of the American Antiquarian Society*." Since the publication of these transactions, many new facts have been developed, and new truths brought to light, which were formerly supposed to be concealed in Cimmerian darkness. From a tract published by the "*Society of Northern Antiquarians at Copenhagen*," it appears, that the honor of having discovered the continent of America, must be wrested from the name of Columbus, and bestowed upon the hardy Scandinavians of the tenth century. Many evidences of their having visited the continent, at that time, are said to exist along the whole extent of the American coast; and the great Humboldt,

from an accurate examination of these evidences, became satisfied that America was discovered by these rough Icelanders, some four hundred years preceding the first voyage of Columbus. The proof of this being incompatible with our present object, must be left to those whose inquiring minds may lead them to an investigation of the subject. It is well worthy the profound attention of the scholar and the antiquarian, as connected with a period in the history of this country, otherwise involved in an impenetrable mystery. And those Icelandic records, from which most of the existing evidences of such a fact are culled, may also be able to throw unexpected light upon the objects embraced in the third class of the antiquities of the United States.

The third, and most highly interesting class of antiquities, comprises those belonging to that people who erected our ancient forts and tumuli; those military works, whose walls and ditches cost so much labor in their structure; those numerous and sometimes lofty mounds, which owe their origin to a people far more civilized than our Indians, but less so than the Europeans. It is a source of great regret, that the attention of the learned and curious has not been more deeply engaged in the investigation of these antiquities. They are well worth all that can be bestowed upon them, as objects of the deepest interest, not only from their being the relics of a race, once peopling the land upon which we dwell, and who were familiar with the wild scenes surrounding the places they chose for the erection of their only memorials, but from the vast extent of these memorials, the immense labor necessary to their construction, and, more than all, their destruction, which is fast taking place wherever they exist, and soon bids fair to obliterate every trace of their existence. They must fall before the progressive march of civilization, and the veneration and interest with which they are regarded by the man of science, can not protect them against the utilitarian spirit of a new and enterprising people. The massive blocks of wrought granite employed in their construction, are regarded by the new settler, not as the work of an ancient and civilized people, but merely as affording to him the material for the construction of his dwelling, less expensive and far better adapted to his purpose, than if quarried by himself from the solid rock. These relics are fast mouldering away, and year after year becoming more and more indistinct, as new settlements are made upon and around them, as the long undisturbed gloom of the forest is broken in upon by the rays of the sun, through spaces cleared by the busy axe of the adventurous emigrant, and as fields are cultivated, which wave with the golden reward of human toil, where for ages bloomed the spontaneous.

productions of the soil, in wild and undisturbed luxuriance. It is a duty, imperative upon the educated minds of our country, to rescue these remains from threatened ruin, and endeavor to elucidate their origin, dates and object, before the destructive hand of time, united with the equally destructive touch of ignorance and utility, shall have forever obliterated these last memorials of an unknown race. It is true, indeed, that no historian has left as a legacy to the world, the records of his nation, that no poet's song tells the glory of their arms, or the story of their triumphs; we know but from conjecture, that these mounds and tumuli were used as the burying places of the nobles of the race, that here lie interred the might of its warriors, the eloquence of its orators, and the sanctity of its priests; but from the extent and magnificence of these relics, enough is revealed to determine that they must have possessed warriors, orators, and priests,—that arts, supposed to have had their origin at a later period, were not unknown to them, and that they rose from obscurity to a high degree of splendor, flourished for a while, and then tended to decay; from causes probably analagous to those which have subverted so many of the ancient nations of the Eastern Continent.

In speaking of the ruins of Central America, and endeavoring to speculate upon their probable origin and history, we are fully aware of having undertaken a task far too extensive for our knowledge and talents, not only from their vast number and magnitude, but from their magnificence, and the comparatively little as yet known concerning them. Prior to Stephens' publication of his recent travels in that region, and hasty investigation of some of the most important ruins existing there, there was a woful ignorance respecting them; and maugre the discovery of the mounds and tumuli of the United States, indicating the previous existence of a people far removed from the savage state, and the glowing descriptions given by the Spaniards, of the country and the splendid works they found erected in it, the historians of the eighteenth century were incredulous and unwilling to admit the previous existence of any people on the American Continent, superior in any respect to those who had possession of it at the time of its discovery by Columbus. Dr. Robertson, in his history of America, lays it down "as a certain principle, that America was not peopled by any nation of the ancient continent, which had made considerable progress in civilization." "The inhabitants of the new world," he says, "were in a state of society so extremely rude as to be unacquainted with those arts which are the first essays of human ingenuity in its advance towards improvement." "There is not," he continues, "in all the extent of that vast empire, a single

monument or vestige of any building more ancient than the conquest." Such was the opinion of this great historian, founded, doubtless, upon the most correct information to be obtained at that period of knowledge respecting this part of the Continent. But since that time, new travelers have penetrated farther into the country, and new discoveries have been made, which have not only demonstrated the falsity of this hypothesis, but astonished the scientific and literary world with a flood of light upon the ancient ruins of America.

Of the ruins explored by Stephens, those of Copan and Palenque are represented as by far the most magnificent, and indicative of a higher degree of skill in the execution, than any others yet discovered. In following his animated description of these remains of an unknown people, we cease to wonder at the enthusiasm he displays, and the increasing interest he continues to weave into his narrative, when we remember the scenes by which he was surrounded. Standing desolate and alone, amid a wilderness of ruins, which he represents as buried beneath the foliage of centuries, with a soul alive to the silent sublimity of the scene; what thoughts on thoughts must have crowded, in rapid succession, on his mind, of the authors of those ruins, and the fate of that people who once gazed upon them as the proud monuments of their fame and art; little dreaming that they were to outlive the last remnant of their race, and descend to the remotest periods of time, the only memorials of their existence!

Those explored at Copan, are represented by our traveler as possessing an interest surpassing expression, and exhibiting in beauty of design and skill of execution, a knowledge of sculpture and architecture fully equal, if not superior, to the most splendid remains of ancient Egyptian art—an interest increased by the circumstances under which they were examined, and the gloomy grandeur of the scenery by which they were surrounded. Unlike those vestiges of ancient art, which exist upon the Egyptian plain, rearing their time-beaten sides amid the barren sands of a trackless desert, and appearing to defy the power of that principle which consigns all things else to decay, the ruins of Copan lie scattered around in rich profusion, half buried beneath the decayed foliage of centuries, and the luxuriant growth of tropical forests, casting a gloom over the whole scene, as it were a pall over the remains of a departed people, and imparting to them a wild intensity, well calculated to give rise to melancholy reflections upon that inevitable destiny which has consigned whole nations to oblivion. Here were found images, statues, and tablets, many of which exhibited traces of the most exquisite workmanship, and were manifestly the production of much labor and skill. But for what they were intended, whether as



the idols of religious worship, before which a perished race once bowed in adoration, or as the statues of deified heroes and demi-gods, or as the representations of their mightiest warriors and ablest statesmen, who had assisted in elevating the nation to that pitch of splendor, to which it evidently attained, the means for ascertaining are gone, and the whole race sleep in utter unconsciousness of the deep interest inspired by their surviving works. "We sat down on the very edge of the wall, and strove in vain to penetrate the mystery by which we were surrounded. Who were the people that built this city? In the ruined cities of Egypt, even in the long lost Petra, the stranger knows the story of the people whose vestiges are around him. America, says historians, was peopled by savages, but savages never reared these structures, savages never carved these stones. We asked the Indians who made them, and their dull answer was, *Quien sabe?* 'Who knows?'"

The ruins of Palenque, Uxmal, and Santa Cruz del Quiché, with several others, all of which were visited and explored to greater or less extent by Stephens, though differing in general appearance and design from those at Copan, were nevertheless identified as belonging to the same style of execution, and as having a common origin. Yet, involved in a mystery as impenetrable as that which wrapped the latter in its gloomy folds, it was in vain to endeavor to learn from the half obliterated hieroglyphics that decorated the moss-covered walls of the stately palaces and temples at Palenque, any thing of the history of the people by whom they were reared. Here reigned the same gloomy silence, the same soul-subduing influences, only disturbed at times by the hoarse croaking of the frog as he emerged from the pools of water, formed in the abraded stones of the pavement, or the flapping of the owl's wing, as disturbed in his slumbers, he flew around the deserted chambers and halls of these half-decayed dwellings of ancient royalty. Looking in vain for some clue to the mysterious objects that surrounded him, our traveler wandered through those empty halls, which, now echoing sadly to his advancing tread, once, perhaps, rang with the glad shouts of joy, at the feast or the revel,—listened to the mandates of Kings,—beheld the plumed pride of their warriors, and reflected back the bright flashes of woman's eyes; all of which had passed away into gloom and forgetfulness, while these halls, where had met the gray head of wisdom, the strength of manhood, and the enthusiasm of youth, still remained, in ruins, it is true, but they were there, like the lone bark on the surface of a boundless ocean, with none to tell from whence it came, whither bound, or what the destiny of those who had once floated in gladness on its now deserted deck.

Passing by the remaining places examined by Stephens, a brief reference will be made to that living, yet unvisited city, which traditions and even observation locates in those wild and almost unapproachable regions lying west of the great chain of the Cordilleras. The account given of it, although wearing the air of improbability, is yet so replete with romance and wild imagination, and the truth of it so much to be desired, that we would fain give it credence. Indeed, the author himself calmly and candidly admits that he is disposed to place implicit confidence in the story, as it was related to him, and maugre the Dublin University Magazine, which affects to treat it with derision, we shall not be satisfied until Mr. Stephens shall have given to us the results of his second investigations. According to this account, there is situated, in that wild region called Tierra de Guerra, from which the Spaniards were three times repulsed in their attempts to penetrate into it, a large city occupying a vast extent of space, and exhibiting all the external aspects of a flourishing and well regulated community. The foot of the foreigner has never been planted within its precincts, nor do its inhabitants ever wander beyond the confines of the valley in which it is built; but fearful of sharing the fate of their ancestors, they keep themselves concealed within those natural defenses by which they are surrounded.

If these things be true, the most probable supposition that can be formed is, that the inhabitants of this unknown city, are the last of that race who reared these ancient monuments of art, and once ruled over this, the fairest portion of America. It is to be hoped that some more venturesome than those who have hitherto attempted it, will, at some future day, penetrate into that interdicted territory, and establish the truth or the falsity of this tradition. If false, no injury will have been done; but if true, what a flood of light may we expect will be poured upon the history of the ancient inhabitants of this country! Then, will those mystical symbols be decyphered, upon which, until the present time, not a ray of light has dawned, and the history of a mighty people will be rescued from the dark grave of forgetfulness.

Having thus taken a hasty view of the most important objects among the vast number of ancient remains, which are scattered here and there throughout the whole extent of the American Continent, we would reiterate the hope, that many who are now buckling on the armor for future contests in the cause of science and literature, will be fully alive to the importance and necessity of a strict investigation into all that survives of those nations which anciently possessed this country, and attained to so high a degree of civilization, as these remains indi-

cate. A rich meed of gratitude and honor awaits the investigator, who shall dissipate that cloud of mystery which now hangs over the antique ruins of this country. At the same time, it should be a work purely American, and as the field has now been so fully laid open by our countrymen, we can not avoid cherishing the hope and confident belief, that others, with a spirit as truly national as his own, will follow in the path he has stricken out, and push their investigations to an extent heretofore unknown in the annals of Archæological researches. The plan proposed by Mr. Stephens for collecting these interesting remains into one spot, as far as it can be conveniently effected, for the purpose of establishing a "National Museum of Antiquities," is worthy of consideration, and should meet with a favor and coöperation commensurate with its importance. The governments of Europe have enriched their capitals with the remains of the arts of the old world, and why should not the new world collect into one group, all that remains to tell of its former inhabitants? One, and perhaps another race, have already passed away, of whose history we are in utter ignorance, and the last of the aboriginal tribes will soon have followed them. Even now, their sun is becoming dim, in the darkening shadows of the West, and their history is regarded in the light of fable and romance. It is a debt due to posterity, to rescue from decay and oblivion, all that remains of these whilom masters of this land, who were wont to strike their antlered game and mingle in the war dance upon the very spots from whence a thousand glittering spires now ascend, to tell of civilization and morality. Such a collection would answer the double purpose of keeping alive an interest in this fast-disappearing race, and by presenting a mournful witness of the world's mutations, they would be a continual admonition of the destiny of our own institutions, now so highly prized; for

" Nations melt  
From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt  
The sunshine for awhile, and downward go."

## MONTEZUMA ;

OR,

## THE SPANIARDS IN AMERICA.

O'er the one half the world, nature indeed  
Seemed dead ;—a rayless, cheerless night,  
The confines of the mighty waste enveiled.  
In vain for ages, gazed the eye of man,  
Of Christian man,—the western wild toward ;—  
All—like the future—undiscovered lay,  
In darkness shrouded, and no beam of light  
Pierced the thick gloom, o'er all impending.

At length a *Star*,—faint glimmering awhile,—  
Beaming anon with lustre new-rekindled,  
Upon th' astonished eye of Europe burst,—  
And like the star of old,—true to his course,—  
*Columbus* pointed to a future *God*.

The veil is rent,—the darkness sped away,—  
And nature's midnight turns to glorious day.—  
Forth start to life, as if by magic word,  
Nations and realms to own him as their Lord.

Scarce had the Spaniard's bold, destructive hand,  
Scattered the Charib from their sea-girt land,  
Ere their cursed banner on the mainland waves,  
In mournful mockery, o'er ten thousand graves.  
Onward they trod :—alas ! the luckless hour !  
That saw the Indies subject to their power :  
Each *Christian* arm was bared for work of death,  
And for each weapon found a living sheath.—  
From hill and vale, from mountain and from dell,  
The welkin rang with their triumphant yell ;  
No eye to pity, and no arm to save,  
Each stream was crimson, and each mound a grave.  
Unstayed by conscience while the cross they bear,  
They give no mercy, and they heed no prayer—  
In Christ's good cause fanatically bold !  
They plant *His* standard, while they *kill* for gold.  
The blood that flowed from every Indian vein,  
Added fresh fuel to the raging flame ;—  
A damning havoc marked their ling'ring stay,—  
More damning havoc marked their onward way ;—  
From crime to crime with fiendish haste they fly ;—  
The Spaniard's *mercy* was—*all, all must die*.

Onward they move—the demon few—  
An untried path they now pursue ;—

One race—the noblest in that land—  
 Has fallen 'neath their ruthless hand,  
 And 'mid a nation's groans and cries,  
 Their conq'ring banner proudly flies,—  
 While mingled in one common grave,  
 Lies the loved chieftain with his brave.

They leave behind them *subjects* there,  
 The relics of a race that were ;—  
 Yet little reck these fiends of hell,  
 What monuments remain to tell  
 Of desolating woe ;—  
 Before them still—the golden toy,  
 Which though it clogs, can never cloy ;—  
 They seek,—they seek with fiendish joy,  
 The plains of Mexico.  
 Behind them, all is dark and drear,  
 Submission and despair ;—  
 Before them, peace and happiness,  
 Reign sweet companions there.

Yet happiness is but a dream,  
 And peace a transient sleep,  
 When fate lets loose her myrmidons,  
 And fiends their vigil keep.

From the far north, through whose luxuriant plain  
 The rich Panuco courses to the main,—  
 To the warm south, Tabasco's stream beside,  
 The Indian's glory, and the Spaniard's pride,—  
 From the rough mountain fanned by every gale,  
 To the gemmed bosom of each eastern vale ;—  
 A golden peace with all its happy train,  
 Spread o'er the realm its wide, elastic chain.

The Prophet and the Bard of old  
 Had the loved Inca's fate foretold ;  
 Time rolling on, the aged Seer  
 Forewarned him of the danger near,—  
 That soon a bold and potent band  
 Would devastate that happy land ;—  
 That in that dark and fatal hour,  
 The proud Caziques would yield their power,  
 And the fierce Inca bend his knee,  
 In worse than human slavery.

Yet feared he not what Seers foretold,  
 What Bards had sung and Prophets told ;—  
 Though far and wide, dark fears prevail,  
 Yet Montezuma spurned the tale.

But hark ! whence come these notes of sadness !  
 Whence these murmurings deep and low !  
 What has changed those sounds of gladness !  
 Whence these harbingers of woe !

Ah ! too true were their predictions ;  
True, indeed, the honored Seer ;  
They who feared their own conviction,  
Now do homage while they fear.

As the streamlet from the fountain ;  
As the hounds upon the deer ;  
From the Ithualca mountain,  
The Spanish hosts appear.

As the wild wind on its pinions ;  
As the waves upon the strand ;  
Untrameled in dominion,  
They fall upon the land.

As gods the chiefs adore them,  
And the stoutest hearts show fear,—  
The Inca quails before them,  
As the Gallic bands appear.

From his time-honored throne,—the chieftain descending,  
Proclaimed the usurper both welcome and free ;  
And Cortez with pride, beheld royalty bending,  
To sue for the favor of man—on his knee.

Lo ! now from the Mexican citadel streaming,  
The banner of Spain in triumph does wave ;—  
And *her* weapons from rampart and turret are gleaming,  
For the war-notes are sounding the death of the brave.

Unpitied the wretches for mercy loud crying ;  
Unheeded by them the chieftain's fierce cry ;  
No pity was there for the pangs of the dying,  
No mercy for those who were marked out to die.

And now upon the ramparts stand,  
The tyrant Cortez and his band,—  
Brandish the torches,—wave the blade,  
Amid the ruin—undismayed,—  
And now like fiends begirt with fire,  
Fearless they mount the funeral pyre.

Yet not alone ;—for with them, lo !  
The proudest chief of Mexico  
Ascends the pile—as dauntless there,  
As the wild lion in his lair.  
He sees his sure, his certain doom,  
Yet fears he not that fiery tomb.  
He hears their threats,—an Inca born,  
He laughs their bitter taunts to scorn.

The Spaniard looked upon his prey,  
And, stung to madness, cried—"away ;"  
But lo ! scarce was the order given,  
His soul was in the Inca's heaven ;—  
An arrow from an unseen bow,  
Robbed him of life at one fell blow.  
*Vengeance is his*—the Inca cried—  
*Avenge the innocent*—and died.

Land of Castile ! where now the pomp and pride  
And glory of your sons ! where now the tide  
Of wealth, that inward poured its golden store,  
And decked your land in tawdry splendor ! More,  
Thrice more—than India's mines could ere unfold,  
Or Asia's dole, was yours ; for *this* you sold  
Your peace—your proud preëminence,—your all  
Behold in *this*—the author of your *fall*.

Accursed nation ! who can mourn thy lot !  
You worshiped mammon—and your God forgot !  
Lo ! from your once proud western realms ascend  
The cries of vengeance—and the heavens rend ;—  
Your doom was sealed—when erst upon that shore  
You steeped your hallowed banner in the gore  
Of murdered innocence.—The piercing cries  
That once seemed music to your ears, now rise  
With spirit-plumes ;—the souls of slaughtered dead  
Invoke remorseless vengeance on the oppressor's head.

Ill-fated people ! where thy splendor now !  
And where the laurel that once decked thy brow !  
The *sword of justice* holds its iron away,  
And all thy pomp and grandeur fade away ;—  
That country—once the haughty Spaniard's pride,  
Your blood-bought honors—in oblivion glide.  
Wealth—Fame—and Honor—all once held so dear,  
Are but the semblance of things they were ;—  
And do you ask, Why all this varied woe ?—  
*Vindictive justice* points to *Mexico*.

DELTA.

## INDUSTRY NOT THE ARCHITECT OF GENIUS.

"Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought,  
But genius must be born, and never can be taught."

DRYDEN.

THERE is no subject which can engage our attention with deeper interest, or impress us with more exalted views of human nature, than the gradual advance of mind, in extending its dominion over the material universe, and in bringing up from the depths of intellectual obscurity, those fundamental principles which have so long constituted the inscrutable things of the God-head. Man, once the howling savage of the wilderness, has already become lord of all the sublunary creation. Art he has wooed with assiduous constancy, till, Samson-like, she has told wherein her great strength lies. By her assistance he has taught the earth to bring forth at his pleasure, fruits meet for his comfort and subsistence. He has flung his shackles upon the deep, and forced her to become his humble vassal. By successive conquests, the elements, and all the rebellious offspring of nature, have been subjected to his control, and compelled to do his bidding. Led on by science, he has penetrated the bowels of the earth; explored the hidden wonders there entombed, and brought to light those indelible records which time has made of its own duration. Returning again, he has soared above the earth, and held high converse with other worlds. In the exaltation of his nature, he now looks out upon creation, and beholds in it a habitation fitted up for his peculiar residence. Yet, strange as it appears, and much as it has been attempted, the study of the human mind has ever baffled the efforts of human ingenuity. The attention of the earliest philosophers of antiquity was very naturally turned to the vast subject of comprehending their own existence; but their ill-shapen and rough-hewn theories have crumbled, one after another, until the accumulated wisdom of ages has decided that the mind is, in its nature, a mystery past comprehension. All that we can say of it is, that its existence seems inseparably connected with our being; that it is an indefinable essence, which does not appear to be subject to its own inspection. Like the eye, while it causes us to perceive all other objects, it can not behold itself; but, unlike the eye, it unfortunately has no mental mirror in which is reflected its own image, to aid in examining its own constitution, or to assist in comparing itself with the vast multitude of individuals which constitute the spiritual universe.

The mind is known only by external manifestations, or by that



innate consciousness which it possesses of its own actions. These, so far as they are susceptible of classification, afford the only imperfect understanding which we are as yet capable of obtaining. The object of modern philosophers, consequently, has not been so much to determine what mind is, as to ascertain those laws by which it acts. The intent of the present essay is not to investigate either of these points, but to consider more particularly the distribution of mind among mankind, and suggest some few ideas, which may tend to prove the actual existence of those natural endowments, commonly denominated Genius.

It has been seriously remarked by those of high repute among us, and possibly with some degree of propriety, that the present age is becoming "too mechanical." The tendency of all our efforts is to gage, by the line and compass, every principle manifested in the "visible creation." Instead of yielding any thing to the special interposition of an all-wise and omnipotent supervisor, the ingenuity of man is ever seeking out some glorious system of influences, which pervade and control the moral, physical, and spiritual universe; and is engaged in deducing therefrom certain immutable laws, by which these influences operate. While one claims the homage of his race, for framing these deductions, another immortalizes himself by giving them a name; as if, thereby, we were approximating somewhat nearer to the actual solution of Infinity. Thus in the physical world, a Copernicus has told us, that the refractory planets are made to proceed in their regular orbits about the sun, being curbed inward by the centrepetal rein, though ever seeking an opportunity to take the bits in their teeth, and follow their centrifugal inclinations. A Newton has given the name of gravitation to a law, the existence of which, the harmony of the spheres, and the regular order in which it was perpetuated, had revealed to man in the earliest stages of his existence. From the days of righteous Noah even to the present time, we have never wanted teachers to mark out for us a course of moral action, or to invent systems of laws to govern the moral world. Such is the tendency of all science, to persuade us that by rule we live, by rule we move, and by rule we have our being; and, all that constitutes the moral and physical universe, is reduced to one vast system of machinery, which acts as it is acted upon, by certain fixed and immutable influences, which, for greater definiteness, we term laws, and say they were laid down by their Great Inventor.

I would not call this impious; perhaps 'tis right and proper so to do, and thus vainly endeavor to limit the works of God by the extent of human discoveries and the powers of human com-

prehension. But as well might we attempt to define the infinite, as reduce to finite laws the workings of Infinity.

" All are but parts of one *mysterious* whole,  
Whose *body*, *Nature* is, and *God* the *soul*."

By a similar, though less successful sect of speculating philosophers, the same systematic process has been attempted in the metaphysical world. The phenomena of mind have been carefully observed from the days of Plato to the present time ; general principles have been deduced, from which theories almost innumerable have been framed. The object of all these speculations has been to find out those universal laws upon which all minds similarly act ; as if there really did exist in nature, some few elementary principles, the same, *modico et modo*, in all cases ; and which, if rightly heeded, would tend to a spiritual equilibrium. These are the mental alchemists of the nineteenth century, who believe in industry as the true philosopher's stone, which will convert all mind into Genius. But, as yet, their efforts have failed, and the art of legislating concerning the human mind is still in its infancy,—so difficult is it to prove that we think by rule.

Notwithstanding the efforts of all ages to solve this mysterious principle by which we think, and the untiring zeal with which the mind has attempted to become acquainted with its own character, it still remains a stranger to itself. Nevertheless, this principle still continues to operate ; the world still swarms with intelligent beings ; and among them, now and then, there appear spiritual prodigies to astonish the world for a time by their deeds, and then again disappear, leaving nothing behind except here and there along the solitude of time, a few monuments of their greatness, to tell those who come after them that they once were, and afford them the material for endless speculation.

Some intellectual agrarians, who would seemingly introduce their leveling system into the spiritual world, call these but men of uncommon growth, to whose stature all may attain by proper industry and perseverance ;—as though the Almighty had, with scrupulous precision, weighed out his own proper modicum of talent to each at his creation. Thus mind, by them, is made a constant quantity, and the capacities of men, they would have us believe, differ only in proportion to the amount of labor expended in mental cultivation.

Others again, look upon these as special efforts of Nature to beget perfection ;—as intellectual giants, whose monstrous proportions were inherited from the womb. These worship at the shrine of Genius, and consider it as the true connecting link be-

tween angels and men. The latter doctrine, though true in theory, may yet prove dangerous in practice, from the vain conceptions of some, or the erroneous distrust of others;—the former, even though false, is certainly a pleasing and innocent delusion; for, while none despair of the race, the prize will always remain to the swift, since genius in the hands of industry can never fail to exalt its possessor.

Though industry should certainly be commended, and equality in most matters is to be desired, yet we can not conscientiously subscribe to intellectual agrarianism. An aristocracy of mind will probably ever exist, and must always win the plaudits of mankind. That education, properly directed, may do very much to elevate its devotee, no one will deny; but that it can constitute the actual difference which exists in the community, contradicts both reason and common experience.

There is nothing in the nature of mind, as viewed by its manifestations, which can possibly warrant this supposition. If it be considered as a mere capacity, what tangible ground have we for asserting that the mental capacities of man may not vary in different individuals, as well as his physical powers. Have we not rather reason to infer, that the same diversity of endowments pervades the spiritual, as well as physical department of humanity.

From the imperfect and limited knowledge we have of the mind, we are bound to consider it, in its connection with the body, either as adventitious, or as resulting from our physical organization, or as a direct emanation from the Deity. Upon the first of these hypotheses, little need be said. To suppose that the mind is an accidental property of our being, is exceedingly improbable; since neither the experience of the present, nor the history of the past, can produce one solitary instance of human existence, except in union with mind. Their co-existence is invariable; and certainly that accidental coincidence must be counted most remarkable, which never was known to fail in its regular occurrence. This, however, is not the most important consideration connected with the hypothesis, nor is it the most improbable conjecture involved therein; for it is heaping impossibility upon improbability, to suppose that, by the mere accident of an accident, that, which in itself is claimed as a matter of chance, should not only invariably take place, but always happen to occur in the same proportions in every individual of the human race. It conflicts with the teachings of common sense, and is at variance with experience, to assert that what is accidental should at all partake of uniformity. Should we not rather claim, as a necessary consequence, that from the premises assumed, an inequality of mind should follow; and that, while some have

reason to complain of capricious fortune for bestowing on them but a meagre pittance, others may be the choice favorites of nature, born to inherit and enjoy the trophies of true genius.

If the second of our hypotheses be considered, it is probable we shall arrive to a similar conclusion. Inasmuch as all circumstances depending upon our physical organization vary in every individual, according to their several constitutions, no plausible reason appears why the mind, if made to depend upon the same, should not vary in a similar manner. Thus, vigor of spirits, health, strength, and, consequently, most of the comforts of life, depending upon the physical constitutions of men, differ accordingly: while we see no such visible criterion for the distribution of mind. Setting aside, however, this plain contradiction of facts, and admitting the hypothesis to be true, we reason from cause to effect. Since different causes do not commonly produce the same result, we draw the legitimate inference, that no two minds can coincide, because no two individuals are alike physically constituted. Again, therefore, we conclude, that, while we are all children of one common family, our common mother has not dealt impartially with us all, but has bestowed upon some one talent, some five, and upon others ten.

The remaining hypothesis, appearing at first more plausible, demands our consideration. Here, again, we meet the agrarians, who, taking the mind to be a direct emanation from the Deity, hang their faith upon the attribute of impartiality, and claim an equal distribution of natural endowments, as alone consistent with his character. But upon a thorough investigation of this point, we find the balance of argument against them. For if we suffer this to be the criterion of our judgment, we shall at length be reduced to the necessity of admitting, either that we do not justly estimate this attribute, or that, in other respects, he is in deed and in truth, a respecter of persons. The experience of each day adds force to this conviction; for, while in our common walks, we behold one subject to bodily deformity and physical insanity from the womb, another is endowed with comeliness of person, and a vigorous constitution: while one is unfortunately born to penury and want, another is nurtured in the lap of affluence, and surrounded by circumstances the most happy: while the days of one are few and full of trouble, another enjoys a life of luxury and ease, and arrives to a venerable old age. If these be considered adventitious,—not subject to the direct control of Providence, we refer again to that which, to human comprehension, is equally inexplicable and equally the gift of God. That the *vis mentis* and the *vis corporis* are two distinct principles, is evident, when we consider that the lower orders of animals, whose peculiar traits are ferocity and

strength, are equally remarkable for their deficiency in intellect. Even among our own race, these two attributes do not always accompany each other. The strongest mind is often united with the most delicate physical constitution, while the most athletic and vigorous body frequently constitutes the tenement of the weakest mental faculties. Now we can as easily comprehend that principle which thinks within us, as account for that power which enables us to move the finger or raise the arm. They are each distinct and mysterious, each equally the bestowment of Providence. Yet one, at least, is found to exist unequally by nature in different individuals. Thus, while the argument based upon the impartiality of God proves nothing for the intellectual agrarian, the ideas which it suggests establish the fact, according to our assumed criterion, that the Deity is not impartial in the dispensation of these gifts, and we are led to draw an inference, amounting almost to a moral certainty, that he has pursued a like policy in the distribution of mind,—bestowing upon each according to his own good pleasure. While he has made manifest his kindness to us all, in different ways, he has shown special goodness in conferring on some pre-eminent qualities of mind, which we denominate Genius.

This theory is not only consistent with reason, but it is morally efficient.

“Order is Heaven’s first law, and this contest,  
Some are, and *must* be, greater than the rest.”

It is a principle which philosophers have discovered in the material universe, the prevalence of which they have ever enthusiastically admired, that God has everywhere ordained the simplest means to accomplish his purposes; and that he has adopted in all things, the strictest and most inimitable economy to sustain and perpetuate the works of his hand. From this we would not argue positively, but draw a probable inference, that the same admirable course has been pursued in his moral providence, relative to the social nature of mankind.

It requires no argument to show, that man, being by nature a progressive creature, was also ordained a social being; and that, to secure his advancement toward perfection by the surest and simplest means, it was the intent of his Creator that he should enter into a social compact. Nor is it difficult to prove that the most perfect compact is, where every part has its separate and distinct limits prescribed, and where mankind are divided into corresponding classes, for the promotion of each department of civilization. But this must necessarily give rise to successive grades of honor and authority, the discharge of which, requires

capacities some greater and some less, according to the importance attached to each. We then come to the just conclusion, that it is consistent with the economy of the Deity, to make such a distribution of intellectual capacities as may be adequate to, but not exceed, the wants of his creatures.

Considering the artificial state of society, it must be granted a wise dispensation, which has fitted us for the different stations of life, and planted within us those inclinations which commonly lead to the discovery of our appropriate spheres of action. The body politic, like the natural body, has its peculiar organs, with each their proper functions. Now, were all equally fitted for the same offices, to what endless confusion might it not lead.

“What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,  
Or hand, to toil, aspire to be the head?  
What if the head, the eye, or ear, declined  
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?”

Thus, in society, each limit is defined. Some must till the earth, some coast the seas, some ply the useful arts; while others, for the common good, instruct the youthful mind, hold offices of trust, or from the pulpit and the bar, teach and defend their fellow-men. It does not require the intellect of a Bacon to cultivate the soil, nor the genius of a Fulton to navigate the ocean; yet it may require all the philosophy of the one, combined with all the ingenuity of the other, to discover and apply to the common purposes of life, those principles which lie at the foundation of human improvement, and on which are ultimately based the interests of the whole operative world.

But, if asked to produce our authorities in support of mental inequality, we refer each one to that best of all authorities, the book of his own experience, and trust the decision to his own candid judgment. He who can observe mankind, from that groveling mortal, who, half unconsciously that he lives, “never had a dozen thoughts in all his life, and never needed more, but tells them o’er from youth to hoary age,” up to him, who, “in meditation deep, views the distant tops of thoughts, which men of common stature never saw,” and by mere force of innate superiority, transcends and leads his fellow-men,—and then, in the sincerity of his soul, can claim that Providence has dealt alike with all, must be given over to hardness of heart to believe an absurdity.

A distinction has been marked by God, and nature has adapted each to their proper rank. Behold the sexes, how they differ according to the sphere for which they were created. Strength and majesty belong to man. It is his to lead the way in life; to

encounter the hardships of the world, and maintain his supremacy over all created things. Softness and grace are the peculiar embellishments of the other sex. The sphere of woman is domestic. Her province is to subdue the asperities of our nature, and to rule the heart. Her office is to direct the mind in its greener years ; to watch over the tender buddings of immortality, and nurture them with the dews of gentleness and love. The earliest developments of mind, demonstrate this design ; for, while the delicate and modest miss prefers her appropriate toys, the lad, more hardy of soul, by every act and symbol of the mind, displays the man in embryo. But nature, being uniform in her operations, has, as we might infer, carried out this system of adaptation in every department. Children, born in the image of their parents, not unfrequently inherit even a more striking resemblance, in their moral and intellectual character. Some manifest a taste for mechanical pursuits ; some exhibit talents for scientific researches ; while others seem better fitted for the scenes of public life. This might possibly be attributed to education, were it not, that the earlier we begin, the more remarkable we find this demonstration. That prattling child, scarce freed from his mother's arms, shows an instinctive taste for music ; and, even before it can well articulate, lisps in "notes almost divine ;" while this, neither time nor all the power of art can teach, what nature has taught its little fellow. While one wields the pencil or the brush, as though it had taken lessons previous to birth, another can not even discover the beauties which its mate portrays. So, as they progress, their unsophisticated minds continue to exhibit the same disparity. One discovers a taste for polite and fashionable acquirements ; another, uncommonly obtuse in this respect, is equally successful in the more solid and abstruse parts of science ; while a third, in spite of labor and instruction, is equally remarkable as a dunce in every department. Thus, from infancy to age, we see early and late developments, which lead to the conviction, that an inequality of mind does exist ; and, unless we adopt the Pythagorean system of transmigration, we are forced to grant that this difference is inherited from nature.

The annals of the world are replete with bright examples of intellectual greatness. Those who profess to regard true merit, will not soon forget the "Admirable Crichton ;" of whom the severest of critics has said, "suppressing that which surpasses credibility, enough may be related, upon incontestable authority, to rank him among prodigies." In comeliness of person, in the gifts of nature, and embellishments of art, he was alike unrivalled. While yet a boy, he challenged, at several times, the learned magi of Paris, of Padua, and of Rome, to meet him in combat.

He permitted his antagonists to select their subject ; gave them their choice of ten languages ; and declared himself ready to do battle with them, either in the common forms of logic, or in any which they should propose, of a hundred kinds of verse. He met them, and though but a stripling, yet, David-like, he vanquished these learned Goliahs. An antagonist remarks that, Crichton gave proof of knowledge beyond the reach of man ; and that a hundred years, passed without sleep or food, would not be sufficient for the attainment of his learning.

Though once but a "*clouterly plough-boy*," the son of a poor peet-digger, the genius of Burns will never be forgotten so long as our language shall endure. Born to no patrimony, save that of poverty and rags, he has bequeathed to posterity a rich legacy, which will secure to him a lasting and grateful remembrance. Though doomed to struggle with adversity, he was yet the choicest pet of Fortune, from whom he had inherited that which was more precious than the treasures of earth. "The Adam and Eve," or the William and Agnes, "who first led him into life, and for a time scantily suckled and papped him here, whom he named Father and Mother ; these were but his nursing-father and nursing-mother."—Burns was the child of nature ;—one of her choice offspring, whom she was proud to own, and place upon the list of her favored few.

With these, there appears a numerous company of worthies, claiming to be noticed among the sons of Genius—but the world would scarce contain the books, if their merits were all recorded. They who cherish the fanciful belief, that industry will enable them to attain the skill of a Raphael or a Phidias ; to rival the intellect of a Plato, or Confucius ; or, in poetic inspiration, compete with a Homer or a Shakspeare ;—are led rather by the dictates of vanity, than of reason. Whoever imagines that every "puny Isaac" may become a Newton in the world of science ; or that every ragged Samuel may become a Johnson, to play the giant among a pigmy race, might expect industry to work miracles, in the way of creating intellectual beings, and raising those already dead.

The history of mankind is, to a great extent, but the history of genius. The records of the earth are full of its influence. The story of her potentates, and the dull recital of their deeds, are but her common diary. The world is governed by mind ;—every era has its great mover, to direct its onward progress. Every age, as it passes by over the wide race-ground of eternity, has taken away with it a goodly number to inherit and adorn some better state of existence. We have cause to lament that, from the vast multitude who have honored and blessed our race, so few still live in the memoirs of an ungrateful world,



who have preferred to worship the potentates of earth, rather than do honor to Nature's noblemen. "Let others," says Goldsmith, "bestrew the hearses of the great with panegyric. When a philosopher dies, I consider myself as losing an instructor and a friend; and the world as losing one who might console her amidst the desolations of war and ambition. Nature, every day, produces in abundance men capable of filling all the requisite duties of authority; but she is niggard in the birth of an exalted mind,—scarcely producing in a century a single genius to bless and enlighten a degenerate age. Prodigal in the production of kings, governors, and courtiers, she seems to have forgotten, for more than three thousand years, the manner in which she once formed the brain of a Confucius; and well it is she has forgotten, when a bad world gave him so very bad a reception."

CHEQUAKET.

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#### VIOLA AND HER NIGHTINGALE.

"And I placed the cage yonder amid the vine-leaves, and took up my lute and spoke to it upon the strings; for I thought all music was its native language and it would know I sought to comfort it."—*Zanoni*.

##### I.

A RADIANT child with floating hair,  
 She seemed as guileless as a dove;  
 So like a spirit born of air,  
 The very heavens smiled with love!  
 And pilgrims as they passed her there,  
 Though wearied oft and full of care,  
 Would rest their staffs to look on her,  
 And breathe a prayer for Viola.

##### II.

The heart of Viola is glad,  
 She holds th' imprisoned nightingale;  
 She hardly heeds its looks so sad,  
 But eager lists the expected tale.  
 "Wilt thou not sing to me, sweet bird?"  
 She bent her ear, but naught was heard;  
 Then upward springing merrily,  
 She hies away, and with her lute  
 She caroled gaily, "Be not mute,  
 In thine own words I speak to thee,  
 Sweet bird. I pray thee answer me."

## III.

One note so sad, it seemed the knell  
 Of buried joys—once loved too well,  
 It stirred the spirit like a spell,  
     So desolate its tone,  
 And Viola sighed. “Ah! must it be?  
 I will not thus imprison thee”—  
 The caged is loosed, the bird is free,  
     Again she stands alone.

## IV.

But hark! from yonder quivering leaves  
 That gaily fan the laughing breeze,  
     There comes so sweet a strain,  
 Methinks that angels pause to hear  
 Those ringing notes so wild and clear,  
     So free from earth and pain,  
 And Viola now is weeping there,  
 Yet with no kindred soul to share  
     Her grief or happiness.  
 She sees in moonlight, song or flowers,  
 The bird sings not, though caged in bowers;  
     What then shall be the test?  
 O, be it earth or heaven above,  
 The presence 'tis of those we love,  
     We need to make us blest;—  
 So sings the bird its sweetest lay,  
 When soaring with its mate away.

IOWA.

## THE SERENADE.

[CONCLUDED.]

For the remainder of our ride, Wilson and myself, after anxiously debating the probable issue of this unforeseen occurrence, relapsed into profound silence, each being too much wrapped in his own thoughts—and those not of the most agreeable nature—to break in upon the other's. Having separated with the mutual understanding that we should see each other at an early hour, in the course of the following day, and endeavor to soothe the offended feelings of Wyckoff, I returned to my lodgings, weary and dissatisfied; having, however, learned one useful lesson, that will never be lost upon me to the remotest period of life, namely, that there is a point, beyond which it is dangerous to task the

good-nature even of a good-natured friend, and never to permit the love of a good joke to proceed so far as to wound the most sensitive feeling of his heart.

Wilson having called for me, according to agreement, during the succeeding day, we proceeded to the residence of Wyckoff, but on giving our names at the door, were peremptorily denied admittance. Hesitating at the late hour of the evening, whether I should not make another attempt alone, my doubts were dispelled by the reception of the following epistle :

*Ship Independence, Sandy Hook, Wednesday eve.*

SIR,—Having embarked for Europe, whither my business and the occurrences of the last night, have compelled me to go, I am unwilling to bid adieu to my native land without giving you an opportunity of denying all privy or participation in that infamous trick, which was so successfully practised upon me. My previous regard for you, prompts me to exonerate you entirely from it, and I should be most happy to find your own testimony coinciding with my feelings. If the case is as I would hope, you will be good enough to write by the next packet ; but if otherwise, your silence would be preferable.

Yours, &c.

T. WYCKOFF.

To Mr. HENRY WOLCOTT, N. Y.

At the time specified, I wrote to him a positive and explicit denial of any knowledge of the affair, previous to its *denouement*, and endeavored, as much as possible, to extenuate the conduct of Wilson. I subsequently learned that this letter had the desired effect. From this time I saw nothing of either of my quondam friends, for the space of four years, as, shortly after the occurrence of the preceding events, I took leave of the city of Gotham, for the purpose of engaging in other pursuits, although I frequently heard indirectly, and occasionally directly, from them. About a year since, I received a letter from Wilson, informing of Wyckoff's return, and immediate reconciliation with himself. "The subject of the serenade," said he, "has never been alluded to, by either of us, from motives of delicacy on his part, and on mine, from a fear lest I should tear open a wound, but slightly healed." He took especial pains to inform me, that in all respects save one, he was the same Tom Wyckoff, as of yore. That one had, however, been a large ingredient in the compounding of his character. "For whereas," continued Wilson, "the ladies were once the light of his eyes, and the solace of his life, he now eschews their society almost altogether, merely visiting one or two families, in which he was formerly more than usually intimate. His reappearance and revolution of character, as you may well suppose, has created no small stir among the beauties, at whose shrines he was formerly so devoted a worshiper, and"—the truth of this piece of information I was seriously inclined to doubt—"they have ac-

tually proceeded so far as to hold a meeting, and appoint a committee, for the purpose of investigating the causes of his sudden disappearance, and subsequent apostasy."

Six months after the receipt of this letter, I received another, from Wyckoff, containing the sincerest expressions of regard, and urging me, in the warmest terms, if possible, to be in New York on the third day of October following, as it would be a source of great gratification to himself, to see me on that day. Having nothing very pressing to engage my attention, at that time, and feeling an irrepressible desire of seeing my old friend, I made the necessary arrangements, and arrived in the city on the morning of the appointed day.

Wyckoff called on me at an early hour, and after the first congratulations were over, told me that I must accompany him to a small family party, in the evening, which was to be given by a particular friend of his, who, hearing that I was to be in town, had requested him to give me an invitation. But, as to where the party was to take place, he observed a most provoking silence, nor could all my queries draw any thing from him respecting it. Obtaining a reluctant consent, and after a long conversation about "*auld lang syne*"—in which both studiously avoided any allusion to the *serenade*—he took his leave, promising to call for me, at an early hour in the evening.

He called, punctually to his appointment, and we started; but earnestly engaged in conversation, I did not observe the route we were pursuing, nor should have been reminded of it, but by the stopping of the carriage. Looking from the window, what was my astonishment to observe that we had drawn up immediately in front of the very house, from the windows of which, some four years bygone, my friend had received such an unceremonious greeting. Casting an inquiring look upon my companion, who shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing, we leaped from the carriage and entered the house. Wyckoff having given my name to the servant and then left me, I was ushered among the company, amounting to some thirty or forty, the most of whom were already past the prime of life, though there were also those brilliant with youth and beauty. Attaching myself to the latter, as in duty bound, I employed myself for some half hour, in various desultory remarks upon the weather, fashions, etc., as customary, wondering, meanwhile, what in the world had become of Wyckoff, till all my doubts were fully resolved by the flying open of the folding doors and revealing a spectacle, so extraordinary and totally unexpected, that it at first appeared to be a delusion of the fancy or the fantasy of a dream; but rubbing my eyes, and being fully satisfied that I was awake, the conclusion forced itself upon me, that it was no delusion, but

stern reality. In the center of the room stood a clergyman, arrayed in the flowing robe of the Church of England, book in hand, while immediately in front of him was Wyckoff, clasping in his own the hand of a lady, whom he was soon to call his wife, as pure and as lovely a creature, as poet ever fancied or ever blushed at the marriage altar. I had not much difficulty in tracing, in the beautiful features and the princess-like form before me, the well remembered lineaments of the accomplished Mary H——, though the soft and winning graces of the girl, had now ripened into the nobler and still more attractive ones of the woman. Still less difficulty did I find, in recognizing in the person beside the bridegroom, my old friend, Bob Wilson, though in the disguise of a white cravat and vest, pumps and silk stockings. He stood winking and blinking at me, while the muscles of his face appeared to be dancing Scotch reels around his nose, till, from his exertions to repress his risible faculties and the mere exuberance of delighted feelings, the tears fairly streamed from his eyes.

The ceremony concluded and the evening passed in social converse, when Wilson and myself were about to take our leave, Wyckoff accompanied us to the door, and laying a hand upon the shoulder of each, while his soul seemed to speak in his eyes, he said, "to night, I am the happiest of men, and to you, in a great degree, am I indebted for my happiness; your plan, Wilson, to reclaim me from my foolishness, though humiliating to me, was effectual; the medicine was bitter, but the cure is perfect. Although at first exasperated by my fancied disgrace, yet, on cooler reflection, I appreciated your motive and profited by the lesson,—if you doubt it, ask my wife. As my parting advice to both of you, I would caution you against neglecting the *bright* example which has been set before you to-night, and if you would be considered wise, to 'go and do likewise.'"

After this occurrence, Wilson was never known to utter aught derogatory to the ladies, but, on the contrary, he was considered one of their most potent champions. Nor was it long ere he followed the excellent advice given him by Wyckoff. In little more than one short month, I received a rather suspicious looking missive, which, on opening, I found to contain an elaborately ornamented card, with the following inscription: "Mr. and Mrs. R. Wilson, at home, Wednesday morn., ten o'clock." "They are all going," thought I—considering a friend's marriage in about the same light as his burial—"and leaving me to chew the bitter cud of single blessedness, and plod along through life, in solitude. Well, if they will be taken in the toils laid for their unwary feet, why, let them,"—and this appeared an indifference perfectly sto-

ical, though some malicious individuals would probably have called it envy or selfishness—"but as for myself,

'I'll steel my heart to woman's art,  
And learn to dwell alone.' "

Reader! our tale is told, and if it has afforded thee any amusement, our object is accomplished. But if not, we beseech thee to deal gently with us, and impute it to the fault of the intellect, and not that of the intention.

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### THE SAILOR'S APPEAL.

(Written for a Seaman's Fair.)

GRANT us your hearts, kind people ; and withal,  
Grant us your open hands. For who will spare  
To give his small and individual mite  
To the poor sailor ? Is there any, think ye,  
Of all that fill in hard and daily use  
The occupations of this common life,  
That can in toil and peril aught compare  
With wanderers of the ocean ? Do but think,  
And let imagination aid your thoughts,  
How many and what fearful shapes of death  
They still must meet, whose life is never sure.  
Look on us cribbed and cabined with Disease,  
In hot, unwholesome closeness couching us,  
Or in rude hammocks swinging to the gale,  
And coldly sprinkled with the salt-sea foam.  
O do but see us in a fragile bark,  
A plank—no more—'twixt life and wild destruction,  
Tossed like an acorn in the midnight storm,  
While the loud wind sweeps through the whistling shrouds,  
Strain the high masts, and on the spongy dark  
Streams the torn canvass, and on th' unruly billows  
In rage and fear above each other rise,  
To look upon our ruin. Or behold,  
Beneath the steep and equatorial sun,  
Our ship becalmed upon the rotting deep,  
Our bodies baked, and black with fevered thirst,  
While weltering creatures in the waveless slime  
Batten around us. Then present, again,  
To your quick minds, a vessel's lonely crew  
Careering round the dim and frozen pole,

Where no sun rises : O in weariness  
 Long months beneath the light of the cold stars,  
 Hear the harsh grating of the dull, green ice,  
 And see around the huge bergs slowly move  
 Their jagged edges 'gainst the pale, gray sky.  
 All this, good sirs, fair maidens, have we borne—  
 Myself and these ; and now, at last, we're wrecked  
 On this, our native shore, which should have been  
 More kindly to her children. O, be moved  
 With touch of pity, gentles, and bestow  
 Some meed of charity ; nor evermore  
 Forget the storm-worn mariner. So may God,  
 Who saved us from the tempest and the sea,  
 Reward your mercy.

*(They fling money into the old sailor's hat.)*

I thank you, now, for my comrades ; aye, and in the name of all the poor sailors in the world. Won't you have a song ? They made me spokesman, you see : and it's difficult to make a reg'lar speech, though it's all fixed aforehand. But I think, may be, we can all sing a catch to suit ye, though the salt water 's hardly out of our mouths yet. Come, boys, bear a hand in the chorus.

#### S O N G.

##### I.

Ho ! heave the anchor ! high, my boys !  
 Yo heave ! O heave ! ye-ho !  
 The morning breaks, our canvass shakes,  
 The sea-born breezes blow !  
 For we will leave the lazy land,  
 And scorn the pillowed sleep,  
 Fling wide our sail to sun and gale,  
 And ride the rocking deep !

##### CHORUS.

O ! who so brave as they, that dare  
 With the sailor's bold devotion,  
 For we court the battle and the storm,  
 And our home is the rolling ocean !  
 O ! our *life* is peril, toil, and want,  
 And our *grave* is the rolling ocean !

##### II.

The land is fading—let it fade !  
 Though there our sweet-hearts be,  
 We'll woo the deep, where wild winds  
 sweep,—  
 More constant is the sea !  
 And if there's *one* may weep and sigh,  
 It shall not be in vain,

For she will prove of sweeter love,  
 When we come back again.

##### CHORUS.

O ! who so brave as they, that dare  
 With the sailor's bold devotion,  
 For we court the battle and the storm,  
 And our home is the rolling ocean !  
 O ! our *life* is peril, toil, and want,  
 And our *grave* is the rolling ocean !

##### III.

Lo ! land is lost—the sky's above,  
 The sea is all around,  
 And now are we as the billow free,  
 Or the breeze that's never bound !  
 Then stretch, my boys, another sail,  
 Ye winds, blow swift and strong !  
 Ho ! ho ! the wave shall be our slave,  
 To bear our flight along !

##### CHORUS.

O ! who so brave as they, that dare  
 With the sailor's bold devotion,  
 For we court the battle and the storm,  
 And our home is the rolling ocean !  
 O ! our *life* is peril, toil, and want,  
 And our *grave* is the rolling ocean !

## IV.

Behold the heavens are still and lone,  
 And the water is the world ;  
 But we've no fear, for God is near,  
 And our country's flag unfurled !  
 Then, strife or storm, we'll die beneath  
 The starry banner, brave,  
 And own, at last, where we are cast,  
 The sailor's boundless grave.

## CHORUS.

O ! who so brave as they, that dare  
 With the sailor's bold devotion,  
 For we court the battle and the storm,  
 And our home is the rolling ocean !  
 O ! our *life* is peril, toil and want,  
 And our *grave* is the rolling ocean !

G. H. C.

Yale, 1842.

## ALBOIN.

[CONCLUDED.]

AT early dawn, a troop of warriors issued forth from the city of Bregentz : they were but forty youth, and at their head rode Alboin. We shall not follow them upon their adventurous journey through strange and hostile regions, along the banks of the winding Oenus and the broad Danube, until they came to the country of the Gepidae, but at once transfer the reader to the city of Buda. Some weeks had passed by, since the fatal battle of Asfeld, and the calamity which had overwhelmed them with grief, was already beginning to be forgotten ; such events were then too frequent to be remembered long. A single battle was of little moment, at a time when nations rose and perished in a day, leaving the evidence of their existence only in the manners and customs which survived them, as the foot print in the solid rock, tells of the departed race, which trod upon the primeval clay. The anticipated invasion of the Langobards had not taken place, and the energies of Cunimund were employed in repairing the losses of that fatal day. Our narrative, however, leads us to a more domestic scene. Toward the close of the day, the young chieftain Helmichis, in company with the aged king, was returning to the palace. Turisund was leaning on the arm of the youth, and as they entered the court, made known the subject of their conversation, by saying in a kind voice to Helmichis, " my son, you have won the love of Rosamond, and the esteem of her father ; Cunimund will willingly bestow his daughter on the young warrior who has so often fought by his side, and it is fit that the bravest of the Gepidae should wed the fairest of their maidens : there is no Gothic maid whose beauty will compare with her's, and neither



Italy nor the Empire of the East, contains a brighter or a purer gem."

"Thanks, thanks, most noble king," replied Helmichis; "Cunimund has already promised that a speedy day shall give me the name of a son; a son's feelings are mine now." At this moment Rosamond came forth from the palace to meet them, and Turisund kindly left the lovers to themselves. The emotions which were mirrored on the open countenance of Helmichis, and the smile of irrepressible joy which played upon his lip, were not unobserved by the princess: perhaps she guessed the cause, or perhaps it was only the cool breeze which tinged her glowing cheek, as she asked, "What good tidings from abroad has Helmichis heard, which gives him so much pleasure?"

"None whatever, fair Rosamond," answered the youth; "none whatever, from abroad; my joys, I fear, are all selfish, unless, indeed, you will consent to share them with me. I have heard tidings, however, and you will pardon me, dearest, if I am vain enough to think that they will minister even to your happiness; but it is still an hour to sunset—let us stroll along these quiet banks." We will leave this youthful pair to themselves, nor tell to the uninitiated, their words of love; such conversation is always better unreported. We will not even surmise whether they gazed with delight upon the sun's golden beams, as he went calmly down to his rest; only we know that youth and maidens are apt to gaze on other orbs than the sun, at such a time.

They had been absent from the palace about an hour, and were just returning, when they discerned a horseman riding toward them at full speed, and looking a little more closely, they saw, at some distance behind him, what seemed to be a small troop of cavalry, halted. "It is, doubtless, a party of our Gepidae, returning from a hunt," said Helmichis, "or perhaps this rider brings tidings to the king."

"But see," said the princess, as he came rapidly on, "he is in armor, and I think it is not the armor of a Gepidae; can it be a foe?"

"No," replied the chieftain, "he is alone and unattended—his message must be peace." The rider now drew near enough to be distinctly seen. He appeared then to have perceived them for the first time, for he slackened his rein, and came on at a more moderate pace. "It is a Langobard," whispered Helmichis, as he drew his sword, "and methinks there is but one form on earth like that—it is Alboin; fear not, dearest," added he, for the maiden started at the name, and clung closer to his side, although the spirit of her fathers beamed in her kindling eye.

When Alboin, for he it was, came up to them, he paused, and as his eye rested on the maiden, without even glancing at Helmichis or his naked weapon, he remained gazing on her with a look of delighted wonder, as if he had never before beheld such beauty. The eye of Rosamond gradually sunk before his bold gaze, when Helmichis called off the attention of the rude barbarian, by asking, "shall we greet Alboin as a friend or foe?" The Langobard turned in surprise at the mention of his name, and replied, "I have come to the land of the Gepidae as a friend, and I would be directed to the halls of Turisund; but tell me, chieftain, who is this beautiful maiden?"

"The daughter of Cunimund," was the reply; "but in the home of her fathers she is not accustomed to so rude a gaze. If Alboin comes as a friend, the halls of Turisund will be ready to receive him, and the path is direct."

"Nay, youth," said Alboin, "I meant not to offend the maiden, but these eyes have never before looked on any thing half so lovely;" and again he bent an ardent gaze on the princess, as he turned his horse to leave them. At the same rapid pace the bold warrior rode up to the palace. "Tell the king," said he, as he demanded admittance, "that Alboin, the prince of the Langobards, is at his gate, and seeks admittance to his presence." The king was alone with his children, when this bold message was received; but a few weeks had passed since the death of Alderic, and they all started at the name of Alboin. Cunimund sprang up and exclaimed, "vengeance for the death of Alderic;" but Turisund calmly said, "Not so, my son—he must be received; the son of Audoin is safe, though his hand be red with the blood of thy brother." "My father is right," said Cunimund, "we may not injure even an enemy, if he comes as a guest—let Alboin be admitted."

When Alboin entered the hall, he made bare his head as the aged king advanced to meet him, while Cunimund and Eudora rose, as if he had been a more welcome guest. They all gazed with wonder on his towering form and his bold and manly bearing, for he trod the hall of his most deadly foes, as boldly as if he had been in his father's palace. "Alboin," said the king, as he extended his hand, "Alboin is welcome to our land; the fame of his matchless valor has gone before him, and the Gepidae can esteem a noble foe. As long as it may please thee to remain at Bregentz, thou shalt be as kindly entertained in the halls of Turisund, as if thou hadst never been his enemy." The same kind greeting was given by Cunimund and Eudora, for among the Gothic nations there was ever displayed that noble generosity to a foe, and that open hospitality, which was more celebrated, but not more generally practised, in the more

polished ages of Chivalry. Hospitality is the virtue of a simple age; where luxury is least prevalent, and sometimes where comforts least abound, its rites are best understood, and most generously observed, for man becomes more selfish as his means to impart blessings, are enlarged.

Alboin remained some days at the palace of Turisund. The cause of his unexpected visit he made known to the king, who was not ignorant of this ancient custom of the Langobards, and prepared to comply with it, although he marveled that a Langobard should make the request at the hand of the king of the Gepidae. During this stay, Albion had frequent opportunities of seeing the princess, and he did not disguise the pleasure which her beauty and her bold spirit gave him; his rude compliments more than once mantled the cheek of Rosamond, and brought the flush of anger to the brow of Helmichis; in fact, before his departure the fair Clotilda was forgotten, and he was ready to sunder the alliance of his father with Clovis, if he might obtain the hand of the daughter of Cunimund. The thought of a rival hardly crossed his mind, although he more than once bent a frowning eye upon Helmichis, as the young chieftain repelled his rough advances to his betrothed. Turisund at length appointed a day on which he would invest Alboin with his armor and dismiss him and his retinue to his father's home. On the day before the feast—for among the Goths such ceremonies were always attended with a feast—Alboin sought the presence of Turisund; he found the king and Rosamond together, and all unaccustomed to the arts of love, although he felt its power, the rude warrior thus made his suit to the princess and the king: "King of the Gepidae, to-morrow I take my departure from thy halls—for thy kindness receive my thanks and my friendship; but ere I go I have one more request to make of thee, and refuse me not, oh king!—give me this maiden for my wife, and make me thy son, and the Langobards thine allies forever. And, princess," continued he, "reject not the hand of Alboin, for in thy father's halls there dwells not one who may cope with him, nor who can lead thee to so high a destiny; the king of the Franks thou knowest has courted the alliance, but Alboin would rather wed him to the high souled Rosamond, than to the blue-eyed daughter of Clovis."

He extended his hand as he spoke, but the maiden recoiled from it as if its touch had been pollution; raising to her full height and turning upon the Langobard her large and flashing eye, while her fine countenance glowed with indignation, she exclaimed, "Does Alboin think that the love of Rosamond can be thus meanly bought! Wilt thou purchase my hand by the betrayal of thine own betrothed! Darest thou present thyself

reeking with the blood of Alderic, to the daughter of Cunimund ! I tell thee, Langobard, were thy father's kingdom Rome, and thou its emperor, I would rather wed the humblest Gepidae than be thy queen."

While she spoke, the features of Alboin worked with the intensest passion ; his heavy brow contracted over his dark eye, and a deep scowl settled upon his countenance ; he had opened his lips to reply, when Turisund interposed. "Alboin, be not angry at the hasty speech of the maiden ; but it can not be—Rosamond is already betrothed, and in a few weeks she will be the bride of Helmichis. Think not, however, that Turisund slight's thine alliance, which a more powerful king has coveted. I know thy valor, and I well believe that the destiny of thy bride will be illustrious ; but fate has made it impossible for thee to be my son. Let there be peace between us, though I may not purchase it at the price of my daughter's happiness."

"King," said Alboin, as his countenance settled into its usual expression of bold confidence, "thou hast spoken frankly and well ; there shall be peace between us, although the sharp words of this fair maiden might have roused a tamer soul than mine. Let her wed the boy—her refusal will not make Alboin wretched."

The day for the departure of the Langobards at length came. At noon the chieftains of the Gepidae assembled in the spacious hall of Turisund ; ancient warriors were there, who had long ceased to gird on the sword, and youth who but a few weeks before had measured their strength with the Langobards on the field of Asfeld. Alboin and his forty bold companions were there also, and in the courtyard below stood their steeds, ready to bear them home when the festivities were ended. At the head of the table was an elevated seat for the venerable king, and on his right was the place allotted to Alboin. Ere the feast commenced, Turisund arose and addressing the assembled warriors, said—"Chieftains, ye know that Alboin, the son of Audoin, has left the city of his father in obedience to ancestral custom, and has come to be invested with armor from the regal hand of Turisund. We have received his generous confidence, and in your presence we will now perform the rites of investiture ; let the armor of Alderic be brought in." At these words Cunimund left the hall, and presently returned with an attendant bearing the arms of the deceased prince. Turisund received them, and with his own hand girded the armor of Alderic upon the slayer of his son. His aged frame shook with emotion as he performed the painful task which his own generosity had imposed upon him, while a breathless silence pervaded the hall, each chieftain compressing his lips, lest a murmur of dissent should break forth. "Alboin," said he, "I solemnly

invest thee with the arms of the princely Alderic. May thy valor be as true, thine honor as pure, thy life as glorious as his."

When the rites of investiture were over, the chieftains sat down to the feast, and in a short time it seemed to be forgotten that they were supping side by side with those who had lately been foes upon the field of blood; well would it have been for the Gepidae had their feelings indeed been buried in the graves of their dead companions, but they were not. Only respect for the authority of Turisund made them smother the desire of vengeance, and an occasion only was wanting to make it burst forth with fury against their hated guests. Unfortunately this occasion was furnished by Turisund himself. From the beginning of the feast he had sat in silent and bitter thought,—he had received and entertained the murderer of his son, he had borne with his rudeness to his daughter, and he had yielded to him the last relics of the lost Alderic. What wonder was it if his grief overcame him! As the warriors drank long and deep potations, and in their high excitement the wassail song was shouted, the aged monarch looked toward the place where Alboin sat, and calling to mind the son who had so often and so lately occupied it, he unconsciously ejaculated with a deep sigh, "how dear is that place—how hateful is that person!"\* The words, although uttered in a low tone, were overheard by Cunimund, and his father's grief awakened anew the wrathful feelings which in a calmer moment he would have repressed. Looking around upon his warriors, he cried, "Gepidae, what hink ye of our guests? Lo, a base Langobard occupies the seat of Alderic, and sits in the presence of a father clothed in the bloody arms of the son whom he slew—rude are they as the wild steeds which bore their naked ancestors from the Scythian plains."

"Aye, vile Goth!" cried Alboin, dashing to the earth the goblet which he held; "add another resemblance—you have felt their hoofs. Seek the plain of Asfeld—there lie the bones of thy brethren, the unburied Gepidae, mingled with the bones of those same wild horses."

At once the Gepidae started to their feet, while the fearless Langobards drew their swords and gathered around their redoubted chief. Another moment and blood had been shed, and the honor of Turisund stained forever. But the tumult had recalled him to himself;—rushing between the fierce warriors with extended hands and his hoary head bared to their uplifted swords, he exclaimed, "Chieftains, hold! Let not blood mingle with the banquet; remember the honor of your nation. Cuni-

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\* Liberty has been taken, in this place, to quote the words of the historian, although we have slightly altered the rude retorts of the barbarians at this singular feast. It is hardly necessary to say that the outline of this tale are matters of history.

mund, will you strike your father's guest ! And thou, prince," added he, turning to Alboin, "pardon the grief of a parent and the impetuous anger of a brother. Return to the banquet, and when it is over depart in peace." His words stilled the tumult, the Gepidae sullenly retired to the table, but Alboin sternly replied,—“King of the Gepidae, I sit not at thy board again ; twice have I been insulted in thy halls, and blood alone can wash out the stain. Few as we are here, if thy chieftains dare, we will make the blood of the Gepidae flow as freely as the wine we have quaffed from thy goblets ; or if thou give us time, thou shalt hear the sound of the Langobard trumpets at the gates of Bregentz.” At these words the fire of his youth was quickened in the breast of Turisund. “Proud boy,” he exclaimed, “the Gepidae dread thee not. As thou hast chosen, so let it be. I may not stain my banquet hall with thy blood ; but bring on thy warriors—the fields of the Gepidae shall be their graves. Depart now, and tell Audoin that the honor of Turisund spared the life of his son.”

Alboin and his warriors turned to depart, but ere they left the hall he shook his clenched hand at the Gepidae and said, “Chieftains, we shall meet again—Cunimund, the hand that slew thy brother will lay thee as low.” Presently the sound of their horses' hoofs were heard in the palace yard, and the Langobards were on their way to Buda.

We pass briefly over the events of a few succeeding months. Upon his return Alboin found his father dead, and succeeded to the throne. Thirsting for vengeance on the Gepidae, he made rapid and energetic preparations for war, and a battle was fought, in which the Langobards gave way before the fury of the Gepidae, sustained as the latter were by a Roman army. The issue of the war, however, was still undecided, and Alboin, with an offer of peace again made proposals for the hand of Rosamond ; the offer was rejected with contempt, and the Langobard, stung to the soul, prepared with more deliberation to compass the annihilation of his foes. History records his alliance with the powerful chagan of the Avars, and its singular conditions, and tells the cause which induced the Roman Emperor to withdraw his aid and leave the Gepidae to cope alone in this unequal conflict. “The despair of Cunimund,” says the historian, “was active and dangerous, but the courage of the Gepidae could secure them no more than an honorable death.” The Avars and the Langobards invaded their territory, and the issue was decided by one fierce and obstinate encounter. The Gepidae, overwhelmed with numbers, fought with the desperation of men who expected death, rather than victory, and the battle was long doubtful, until Helmichis fell wounded, as he

was gallantly leading the left wing against the Avars, and Cunimund in the centre perished by the hand of Alboin. They had been near each other often in the fight, and as often parted by the fierce combatants around them; at length Alboin, whose towering crest was through all that bloody day seen waving where the battle raged hottest, beheld at a distance Cunimund bearing furiously down upon a division of the Langobards—their ranks were already broken, Cunimund had struck down their chief, and was dealing death around him. Extracting himself from the struggling mass about him, the Langobard dashed forward to the rescue, with a shout of "Alboin! Alboin!" Unattended as he was, the voice and presence of their mighty leader recalled the flying, and inspired them with his own courage. A single bound placed him by the side of Cunimund, and without a word, with looks of concentrated hate, each chieftain struck at his foe. Cunimund was a desperate antagonist—among the Gepidae, a nation of warriors, there was no arm like his, and he had met that day no champion who could cope with him. It was a long and fearful strife. Their very souls were in the conflict, and every blow bore with it vengeance and a nation's fate. But even the strength of Cunimund was not a match for the giant arm of Alboin—a fearful stroke from the Langobard, but half parried by the Goth, descending grazed the head of his steed; the animal, stung with the pain, started back, and ere Cunimund could recover himself, another blow fell with crushing weight upon his helmet, bursting its bands and leaving his head uncovered. Horse and rider staggered under its force, and dimness came over the eyes of the chief; with a bound Alboin sprang forward, raised himself for the stroke, and in another moment the head of Cunimund rolled upon the plain. A loud cry of despair went up from the Gepidae, but they fled not. Around the body of their leader they fought desperately—every man fell where he stood, and when the battle was over, a huge pile of bodies told the spot where Alboin had fought and Cunimund had died.

The victors pressed on to Buda and entered the gates with the flying crowd. The revenge of Alboin, however, was sated, and the city was spared; proceeding right on to the palace, he entered it as its future lord. Within were Turisund with Rosamond and her mother. The head of the aged monarch was bent upon his bosom, and his crown lay broken at his feet; no tear fell from his eye nor groan escaped from his bosom, but unutterable woe had made its impress on every feature. His daughter and Rosamond sat by his side, but strove not to comfort him—their own sorrows were as deep as his—all was utter desolation—the marble cheek of the maiden, and her bloodless

lip told that she comprehended all, her undimmed eye betokened courage to bear it. Alboin paused as he entered and stood for a moment, looking on the sight. Wild as his nature was, he hesitated to enter, all covered as he was with the blood of the Gepidae, but as he turned to leave the hall, Turisund arose, and looking on him with a fixed gaze, said, "Man of blood, I never wronged thee; yet thou hast taken my crown, thou hast slain my people, thou hast murdered my sons—spare not my hoary head—let the hand that slew the children, smite the father too."

"I war not with hoary hairs," replied the Langobard, "nor with women. Maiden, this is thy work—thou couldst have warded from thy father's head the sword of Alboin, thou couldst have averted ruin from the kingdom of Turisund."

"My work, ruthless man!" exclaimed the princess, in momentary anger; then checking herself and sinking upon the bosom of her mother, she said, "it is my work, it is! it is!" Alboin turned and left them. Again we pass briefly over the events of a few succeeding months. The fields of the Gepidae became the property of the Avars, and a part of the nation, their slaves; the other portion, by the wiser and more generous policy of Alboin, were transferred to the country of the Langobards, and incorporated in their state. Turisund and his surviving offspring accompanied the latter, and were honorably maintained by the conqueror. After that fatal battle, the gallant Helmichis was found among the wounded; he was brought into Buda, and slowly recovered, but for some secret cause remained a close prisoner. The body of Cunimund was interred, but Alboin yielded to a barbarous custom of his ancestors, and the skull was fashioned into a drinking cup, which for centuries graced, as a savage ornament, the table of the Langobard kings.\* A year passed on, and the family of Turisund still remained at the city of Alboin. Rosamond was changed since that fatal battle—her buoyant smile was gone, and, save when she strove in the presence of her parents to seem cheerful, a shade of sadness rested upon her countenance. Her father and her nation had perished, while he who had won her early love, she thought was resting in the grave, and her young hopes were with him there. To complete her wretchedness, Alboin made it no secret that he had destined her to be his bride; she met him without a smile, and endured his presence without a murmur; for the sake of those who were dearer to her than her own happiness, she dreaded to offend the relentless warrior, al-

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\* "The skull of Cunimund was preserved above two hundred years among the Lombards, and Paul Warnfrid, the rude chronicler of the eighth century, was one of the guests to whom Duke Ratchis exhibited this cup, on a high festival."



though she was willing to die rather than be the wife of Alboin. The crisis was not long delayed.

Alboin had now determined on the conquest of Italy; the subjugation of the Gepidae had made his name mighty among the surrounding nations, and when he lifted up the standard of war, the fierce tribes that were spread along the banks of the Danube flocked round it, eager to rush forward under his banner, to plunder the garden of the world. When his vast preparations had all been made, and the day had been fixed for the departure of the host, Alboin determined to accomplish his long-cherished design. Rosamond was sitting alone in their mansion, when the king was announced: the dreaded hour had come, and the maiden nerved her soul to meet it. "Princess," said Alboin, "thou hast been my guest for many days, and I have not been unmindful of thy happiness; thy beauty I have not ceased to love, and I would make thee now the wife of Alboin—and listen, maiden, my arm will soon win the crown of Italy, and thou shalt be its queen."

The princess heard him without a change of feature, save that her pale face grew paler still. "Alboin," said she, "hear me, and for the sake of those I love, let not my words offend thee. For thy kindness I am grateful, although it has been bitter for me to receive it from the hand that slew my father and wasted my people—I will repay thee with the service of my life, but my love can be thine never—never. Alboin, my heart has been buried long, and thou wouldst not have this poor body without the soul! Never, never can Rosamond be thy wife."

"Maiden," said Alboin, "thou hast no lover now—canst thou be wedded to the dead? Thy father lives not to care for thee, and Turisund will soon be no more; thou wilt need a protector, and who can guard thee so well as Alboin? Refuse me not, Rosamond. I would not speak harshly to thee, but I am well known to thee, and," he added slowly and almost sternly, "*thou must be my bride.*"

The pale countenance of the princess, as he said these words, flushed with indignation; her woes were all forgotten, her safety, and her helplessness. As she rose and stood with a flashing eye, one foot advanced and her arm extended, she looked like a Pythoness at the moment of inspiration. "Alboin, proud king, death's bride I may be, thine never—dost thou think I fear to die? tortures and the rack may be my couch,—it will be a sweeter one than thine! I tell thee, king, I am beyond thy power!"

"Nay, girl," said Alboin, looking on her with admiration, rather than in anger, and speaking in a low, determined tone,

"thou art not. If I am hateful to thee, thou lovest Turisund and Eudora, and their life is bound up in thine; thou wouldst not die alone. My people demand a queen, and thou only art worthy to rule them; they know I have sued to thee, and they must not know that the will of their king can be resisted. Rosamond, you have compelled me to make thee the alternative; remember thy former refusal cost thee a father, and the Gepidae a home—to-morrow thou must be my bride, or Turisund and thine own mother may charge thee with their death." The expression of Rosamond's countenance changed to one of inexpressible anguish—the ashen hue overspread her face again, and with her hands clasped in utter woe, she exclaimed, "thou canst not, Alboin—thou canst not." "Maiden, I can," interrupted the ruthless monarch, "I can." "Then Heaven be my help," said she, as she sank at his feet. "Alboin, I will be thy bride, but spare, oh! spare the aged head of Turisund, spare my mother!" Even the hard heart of Alboin was moved, but his purpose was not changed. He raised her from the ground, placed her unresisting hand in his, and said, "Rosamond, pledge me thy faith, and they shall be safe, while the arm of Alboin can wield a sword." She stood for a moment, while she wrestled with the mighty emotions which rent her bosom, and then, while her small white hand rested in his broad palm, she said calmly, "Alboin, I pledge thee not my love, I give thee not my heart, but thy wife will I be, till death shall release me from my oath."

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Another year had gone by, and our narrative leads us to the south. From the Julian Alps to the gates of Rome, Italy was in the hands of Alboin; with the uncounted multitudes that followed his standards, went the wives and children of his warriors, and the whole nation of the Langobards took up their dwelling in the sunny plains of northern Italy. One only city now remained unsubdued—Pavia, before whose strong walls Alboin had entrenched his army. His queen and Eudora were at Verona, the capital of their new dominions, but Turisund was no more; lengthened age and many griefs, had brought him to his grave, and but one tie remained to bind Rosamond to the earth. Marriage, which crowns the joys of others, had wedded her to perpetual sorrow; and time had not made the burden less, for the character of Alboin, never gentle, displayed yet more of the vices of the barbarian warrior, as the battle-field and continued success made him more rough and arrogant, while his rude court imitated the wassails and intemperance of their wild northern ancestors, rather than the refinement of the days of Theodore.

Time passed wearily on at Verona, when one day a small

party of horsemen, who bore, as their leader said, a message to the queen, obtained admittance within the gates. Their chief, so far as could be told of a man in complete armor, appeared to be a youthful warrior, of graceful bearing; his band were habited partly in the Langobard costume, partly in the Gothic, but as such a mixture was common in the armies of Alboin, it excited no remark. They rode directly to the palace. "I would see the queen," said the chief, and he was at once conducted to the presence of Rosamond. Without raising his helmet, he advanced, and bending over the queen, whispered almost inaudibly, her name. At the sound of that voice, gentle as it was, Rosamond sprang to her feet—her whole frame quivered with agitation, and she became deadly pale; at length she uttered in a tremulous voice, "tell me, who art thou?" The chieftain slowly raised his helmet, and Rosamond gazed on the dear, but haggard features of Helmichis. With a shriek, half of terror, half of joy, she sprang wildly forward—the chieftain caught her in his arms, and her head sank upon his bosom. He pressed his lips upon her pale brow, and said exultingly, "Then thou art mine still, though they call thee Alboin's queen!"

"They told me thou wert dead, Helmichis, slain when my father perished; and my crushed heart was buried in thy grave. I have been faithful, ah! too faithful unto thee; but you know not that dreadful alternative. Helmichis, you will pity me! you will not reproach me!"

"Reproach thee, Rosamond! pity thee! nay, I will love thee still. The tyrant deceived thee, dearest; long weary months have I spent in a gloomy prison. I lived on for thy sake; but when they told me thou wert Alboin's bride, life became valueless. Then, again, I heard thou wert unhappy; that thy cheek was pale and sorrowful; and I made my escape to see thee again, to rescue thee from a living death. Fly with me, dear Rosamond; there is happiness yet in store for us."

For a moment, the pale face of Rosamond beamed with an expression of unalloyed happiness. She looked up into the chieftain's face with the bright smile of former days, and said, "Fly with thee, Helmichis! with thee! that would be bliss indeed! can it be so?"

"It can, my own betrothed; a hundred of thy faithful Gepidae are with me. Alboin rules not the world; in a few hours, we may be beyond the tyrant's reach, forever. Thou shalt not be the wife of Alboin!" At these words, the queen sprang from his arms, with a convulsive start, and with a look of utter hopelessness, said, "Helmichis, thy words have recalled me to myself. I can never be thine, never! my hand has lain in Al-

boin's—I have covenanted to be his before high heaven—I have pressed his bridal couch—his must I be till death!"

"But thy vow was forced, Rosamond; thou never gavest him thy love; nay, more, thou wert not thine own; thou wert my betrothed before Alboin, by a cruel threat, made thee his bride. Thou art mine, mine only!" exclaimed the youth wildly, advancing towards her. "Helmichis," said the queen, mournfully, but still waving him off, "It can not be—it was a blissful dream, but it is past, forever. My soul shall still be thine,—that I never took from thee,—that I never gave to Alboin; but his wife I am,—his wife must I be till death. And now, my more than husband, we must part. Helmichis, farewell forever." She extended her hand, but the chieftain clasped her to his bosom. She gently extricated herself from his embrace, and said, "Fly, Helmichis, fly, or this melancholy pleasure may cost thee thy life, and then I should be wretched indeed." Without a word, the warrior left her. As he mounted his horse, he was heard to mutter, "His till death! his till death!" then shaking off the gloom, he cried, "On to Pavia—on."

The siege of Pavia still continued, but famine, at length, did its dire work, and terms of surrender were offered: all were rejected by the implacable Alboin, whose only reply was, "death to the conquered." Despair gave them courage; and it was observed that in their next sally the besieged were headed by a new leader. He fought with reckless daring, advancing sometimes to their very entrenchments, and whenever Alboin appeared, he directed his spear against him; amid the tumult, they never came hand to hand, but day after day the strange warrior sallied forth, and fought with the same desperate courage. At length, in one of his fierce assaults, his horse fell beneath him, and he was overpowered and brought into the presence of Alboin. The king recognized him at once. "Ha, traitor, hast thou escaped, and art thou among the foes of Alboin?"

"I owe thee no allegiance, tyrant," replied the warrior, "and where should the betrothed of Rosamond be, but among thy foes?"

"Slave," cried Alboin, fiercely, "durst thou speak of the queen as thy betrothed? Bear him hence—when Pavia is taken, thou shalt die, though Rosamond herself entreat thy life."

In a few days Pavia fell, but a singular circumstance prevented the fulfillment of Alboin's bloody threat. As he urged his charger over the broken wall, he was met by a Christian priest. "Alboin," said the holy man, "I have a message from God unto thee—thou shalt spare Pavia." The ruthless king checking his steed, looked sternly at him and exclaimed, "back, priest, or

thou shalt perish too." The priest moved not, but replied solemnly, "king of Italy, there is one mightier than thou." As he spoke, he laid his hand on Alboin's horse, and the charger dropped dead beneath his rider. When the king arose he looked thoughtfully on his strange opponent, and said, "Priest, thou hast conquered—Pavia is safe."

The triumph of Alboin was, as usual, celebrated by a feast, and Rosamond was summoned to attend it. In the spacious palace of Pavia, where Gothic kings had held their courts, were collected the chieftains of Alboin. The spoils of conquered kingdoms hung from the walls and loaded the table of the monarch, but among them all there was not one which he valued more than the cup which he had fashioned from the skull of Cunimund; for even after his marriage the savage warrior still kept the barbarous relic. The chieftains drank long and deeply—many a huge goblet of Falernian was drained, and many a warrior, invincible in the battle-field, sunk under its potent influence. The revel grew turbulent as night advanced, for Alboin had quaffed as deeply as his chiefs; at length he rose with a frenzied look, and commanding a slave to fill the skull of Cunimund, he seized it with both hands, and exclaiming, "warriors, drink death to the foes of Alboin," he drained it at one long and potent draught; a shout of applause went up from the savage chiefs, and Alboin cried, "let the cup pass round." Rosamond sat gazing on this inhuman sight, and on her more inhuman husband, in speechless agony, when Alboin exclaimed, "all have not drank—fill it again with wine, fill it to the brim: carry the goblet to the queen, and request, in my name, that she would rejoice with her father." Rosamond rose as the bowl was presented; she stood holding it in both hands, and an expression of maniac wildness came over her countenance as she said, "let the will of my lord be obeyed;" then touching the cup to her lips she said again, "this only was wanting—spirit of my father, witness my silent vow." Gently she laid the sad relic on the table, and silently and slowly left the hall.

The feast was over. Alboin had retired to his chamber, and weary with his deep debauch, had sunk to rest. In the same chamber, beside a small table, sat Rosamond: a taper was burning beside her, and there rested on the table a bowl and a small dagger. Upon her countenance gleamed that same wild, unearthly expression, and when that eventful night was past, many thought that reason had lost its empire over her after that fatal feast. For a long time, she sat in silence; then rising up, she placed upon the table the skull of Cunimund, and laying her hand upon it, uttered in a low, unconscious tone, "My country he wasted—Alderic he slew—Turisund he brought to the grave

—this, my father, is all that he has spared of thee, and to-morrow, Helmichis is to perish.” She stood motionless and silent for a few moments, then lifted the bowl to her lips and drank. She again placed it on the table, and taking the dagger, advanced to the bedside of Alboin; a noise was heard without the chamber, but she knew it not. For a few seconds she stood gazing on the sleeper, then slowly lifted the dagger; it was in the very act of descent, when some one pushed aside her arm, and the next moment the sword of Helmichis was buried in the heart of Alboin. The daughter of Cunimund gazed at him, but spoke not, as she pointed to the bowl. Helmichis took it and examined the potion. “Hast thou drank it, Rosamond?” he asked, with a look of perfect horror. “I have,” was the calm reply. “Then let us die together. I thank thee, my own beloved, that thou hast left enough for me.” As he spoke, he lifted the bowl, and drained it to the dregs. Those who entered that chamber in the morning, beheld Alboin weltering in his own blood. At his feet lay the maiden and her lover, her head still resting on his bosom.

TAU.

## LINES

ON THE DEATH OF LOCKWOOD SMITH, A MEMBER OF THE SENIOR CLASS, WHO DIED AT DERBY,  
MAY 10, 1842.

It has been our lot to mourn—  
We are mourners now again;  
O'er another's fate we grieve,  
Though our sighs and tears are vain.  
“Dust to dust” again is said,  
O'er the cold and silent dead;  
Flowers are blooming o'er his head,  
'Neath the willow's waving shade.

Though the tear is scarce yet dry,  
Shed upon another's grave,  
Other tears must fill the eye,  
Other griefs must swell the wave,  
Which hath many a time before  
Echoed on the lonely shore  
Of our hearts, made desolate  
By the cruel hand of fate.

Yet there is a hope of heaven,  
Which dispels the gathering gloom;  
Glory to the righteous given,  
Sheds a glory on the tomb.

Though the hungry worm doth prey,  
There, upon our mortal clay,  
To the glance of faithful eyes,  
It is the portal to the skies.

As a cloud across the sky,  
He we loved has passed away,  
Floating peacefully a while  
In the sun's congenial ray;  
As the cloud doth melt to air,  
Mingling with the sunlight there,  
So his soul in death did rise,  
To mingle with its native skies.

As when the shades of evening steal  
Softly o'er the sleeping earth,  
The stars in heaven their light reveal,  
And come in fullest splendor forth.  
So when the night of death drew nigh,  
Veiling in gloom life's sunny sky,  
His soul beamed forth with light divine,  
Now—as a star in heaven doth shine.

J. A. F.

## EPILEGOMENA.

Time, in his ceaseless course, has again brought us to the close of a Collegiate year; and every heart in our miniature world is beating high with hope, in anticipation of the pleasures of a long vacation, and a re-union with friends, whose old familiar faces have often presented themselves before the mind's eye, even amid the most weary toils, and the drudgery of College life. There is a secret pleasure in beholding the smiling countenances and flashing eyes of our classmates and friends, at being freed from the bonds by which they have been so long confined, and already rioting in anticipation of those joyous scenes, the thought of which has so often beguiled them in their most wearisome and desponding hours. Methinks, even the misanthrope might relax his frowning brow and wreath his scornful lip into a smile, at beholding the expression of feelings, such as do honor to our nature, and raise us above the rugged surface of passion's current, by which we are hurried onward through the ocean of life. But enough; we will not attempt to analyze those feelings, which must ever rise in the heart, and cause it to throb with the strongest emotion, at the thought of revisiting that spot most sacred to the soul—*home*!

We had intended to take a brief retrospect of the past, and recall to the mind occurrences long since forgotten; but we forbear; for at best, it is a task of melancholy interest, and tends to cast a shade over the brighter feelings of the heart. With a word of greeting ere we part, kind friends, we would also express our warmest wishes for thy health and happiness,—for all thou canst wish and hope for thine own selves; more we could not, if we would.

With the present number, the seventh volume of our Magazine is completed; and it is a source of no slight gratification, to all who claim our old and honored institution as their *Alma Mater*, that it still continues to maintain its high character, as first in age, and first in intrinsic excellence, as well as external appearance, of all the similar publications in our country. That it shall continue to sustain its high rank, or that the subsequent volume shall be an improvement upon its predecessors, we dare not promise; yet, if untiring industry, united with an anxious desire to promote its interests, can affect any thing in its favor, the patrons of the Magazine may rest assured it shall be done. Our present prospects, both in respect to contributions and subscriptions, are not as favorable as would be desired; but relying upon the well known talents and liberality of the undergraduates for the ensuing year, we will cast our fears to the winds, and confidently indulge the hope, that our most sanguine anticipations will be more than realized.

A word in thine ear, reader, of the dark doings of those, before whose dread tribunal come the phantom shape of many brains, numbers of which, alas! are doomed to wander yet a while longer upon the confines of Elysium, and perchance never gain admission to its pleasures. Never did Rhadamanthus or Minos preside with more solemn dignity, deliver a more impartial sentence, or heave a deeper sigh of pity, when compelled to refuse the unurned shade, admission to the nether world, than does our Speaker, when forced by stern necessity to pronounce sentence of rejection upon the half digested effusions of aspiring genius. But go with us for a brief space, and we will endeavor to enlighten thy darkness, and induct thee into the hidden arcana of the *corps Editorial*.

It was the dead hour of midnight, when sallying from our domicile, we hied us to the place of rendezvous. The moon, undimmed by a single cloud, was careering in glorious majesty through the azure vault, and the stars twinkled joyously, in her train. We thought of how many and how various the scenes, upon which she then cast her pale beams—scenes of joy and scenes of woe—the birth and the death—the suicide and the murder—the silent happiness of lovers, as they strolled along by her light, utterly unconscious of a breathing world around them—the earnest vow, made only to be violated—betrayed innocence—deserted purity—utter despair;—and our heart sickened at the thought of human woe, while we in vain endeavored to draw something from our reflections, wherewith to deck the pages of our Magazine.

Our abstraction was abruptly terminated by arriving at the place appointed for sitting in secret conclave. Ascending, "with solemn step and slow," to the elevated regions of the "sky parlor," we gave the mystic knock, and waited patiently for the deep, stern voice of the Speaker, to give the customary response. No answer came. In vain we listened; there was nought, even to the chirping of the cricket, to break the grave-like silence that "brooded o'er the scene." Again we knocked, and though no voice bade us enter, we thought we could detect the rattling of the shackles of the sleepy god, as his victim endeavored to break from his durance *sweet*. The sound ceased, and then was succeeded by the unequivocal snore of the "strong sleeper in his ecstasy,"—not exactly a literal quotation, but 'twill do.

Maugre the standing rule of the "Inamorati," to the contrary, we ventured to open the fatal door and enter the sanctum. Not Aladdin, when the genius of the lamp first presented himself before his startled gaze, was more astounded, than were we, at the sight which burst upon our view, or rather at the sight upon which we burst. It was a moment ere we could collect our scattered thoughts sufficiently to discern the different objects around us, rendered dim and indistinct by the flickering blaze of a *tallow candle*—forgive the deed, ye Muses!—broken in the middle, the upper half of which inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, was pouring its viscid tide full upon the pile of unexamined manuscripts upon the table.

The Speaker, dignified even in sleep, was seated in a rocking chair, minus two arms and one rocker, with his arms folded in gloomy majesty upon his breast, his head thrown back, and that grand receptacle of aliment, ycleped the mouth, expanded to its utmost limits, the capacity of which could not be estimated from the periphery of a circle, but must be referred to an Ellipse, whose major axis is of indefinite length. Of the others, all were in the soft embrace of sleep, with the exception of Bufo, who, with his feet elevated to the top of a standing desk, was deep in abstraction, evidently cogitating upon the origin and age of a rusty nail protruding from the ceiling, upon which his eyes were fixed with the most curious intensity. The rest were fixed in positions fully as characteristic of themselves, as was Bufo's.

Striking a vigorous blow upon the table, we brought them to their feet in most admirable confusion.

"Or—der—er!" gaped the Speaker. "Members will take their seats."

"The glorious thought is lost, forever lost," moaned Bufo, as he dexterously wheeled his chair around on one leg, so as to face the Speaker.

"My pipe is smashed, and my occupation gone," said Flamingo, in the deep tones of tragedy, as he raised his tall form to its full height, and gazed around with the air of an Emperor—in exile!

"Silence!" thundered the presiding officer; "by Woden wild, my grandsire's



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